POEMS, &c. SONGS AND Love-Verses,

Upon several Subjects.

By *Matthew Cappinger* Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, in *Russel-street*, in *Covent-Garden*, 1682.

Presented
To William Coffington of
Barry's Court
in the County of Cork Esq
By

Will.m Henry Newenham

1841

TO

POEMS,

SONGS

AND

Love Verses,

Upon several Subjects.

By Matthew Coppinger Gent.

L. O. N. D. O. N.

Printed for R. Bentley and M. Magnes, in Russel Street, in Covent-Garden, 1689.

TO HER

TO HER

GRACE

THE

DUTCHESS

OF

Portſmouth.

Madam, it is but juſt, ſince you receive
All Delights our Soveraign can give,
That we, in gratitude unto our King,
Should to your Highneſs bring an Offering.
For we by Duty are obliged to Prize
Thoſe that are Gracious in our Princes Eyes,
As well as hate his greateſt Enemies.
Accept this alſo, Madam, ſent to you,
Both as Your Merit, and Your Beauties due.

Which to You not the least of Glory brings,
Having by it subdu'd the best of Kings.
And now Your Country may Precedence claim,
Since You have gave it such a lasting Fame;
Greece, Helen; England, Rosamond *did boast,*
But France *of You henceforth will Glory most;*
For by Your conqu'ring Eyes You have made known
The Monarchy of Beauty is Your own.
You are the Darling of my King, His Pleasure,
His Indies *of incomparable Treasure;*
That precious Gem, who from your Country came,
Too narrow for the Limits of Your Fame,
Into the Bosom of a King who knows
What 'tis for to deserve, and to dispose.
But stay, my Muse, no Sacrilegious Eye
Shou'd dare be so Prophane, as once to pry
In Princes Actions; they like Gods appear,
And never move in any common Sphere:
We shou'd from their Concerns our selves retire,
And what we understand not well, admire.
Your Pardon, Madam, if my zealous Passion
Has err'd beyond the Rules of Dedication;
And if so high and rare a Contemplation
Shou'd fly beyond all bounds of Limitation,
And on Dedalian *Wings shou'd dare to pry*
Too near the Beams of Sacred Majesty;
Since my Ambition for your Service may
Make me speak more than others dare to say.
Then prostrate at your Feet I now lay down
This Infant Book, which may deserve your Frown;

But

But hopes a better Fate, since the intent
Was good, and only for your Service meant.
Which if you view but with a pleasing Eye,
It will presage such a Felicity,
That all the Frowns of Fortune, and the rage
Of time shall want a Power to engage.

Your Highnesses
Most humble and
devoted Servant,

Matthew Coppinger.

TO

TO THE
READER.

TILL this minute I was in doubt whether or no I should afford you an Epistle, being as indifferent whether you take the pains to read it, as you are to go to the cost to buy my Book. It was design'd for my own Pleasure, (being the rellicts of some Idle hours) wherein though I have borrowed the name of Clelia, *I wou'd not have you think I do it as your* Epigrammists *do, only to fill up my Verse, or to invoke an unknown Deity; but that I veil'd my Ambition under it, not daring to name a Person whose Quallity and Merit did so far exceed all my pretentions, that it had been a sin as great as my Ambition, to have once but mentioned her name, and*

to

to have expos'd it to the publick view. And as for what elſe you find contain'd in this ſlender Vollumn, if you think it worth your time to give it the peruſal, you will find I took more care to pleaſe my ſelf, than you.

Your Friend,

M. C.

to have expos'd it to the publick view. And as for what else you find contain'd in this Reader Volumn, if you think it worth your time to give it the perusal, you will find I took more care to please my self, than you.

Your Friend,

M. C.

POEMS.

On Clelia's *Garden.*

O Garden, unto me more bleſt
Than the *Elizian* Fields, poſſeſt
By happy Lovers; and more Fair
Than the *Heſperian* Orchards are,
Which all in Golden Metal ſhine,
With Boughs, and Leaves, and Fruit Divine;
Such Paradiſe it ſelf might be,
In its firſt virent Purity;
On which the Heavens did then diſpence
An incorrupted Influence.
Here grow no *Dodan* Oaks, nor Pines,
Nor Elm-inamour'd claſping Vines,
No Paphian Myrtle, nor the Bays,
Nor Lawrel binding *Phœbus* Rays:
No Cedar, nor the pleaſant Palm,
No Poplar dropping precious Balm.
Such Ornaments are far too mean
In *Clelia*'s Garden to be ſeen.

Within these Walks are neither set
The Cowslip, or the Violet.
No Dary, nor Narcissus grows,
No Tulip, nor the fragrant Rose,
No Marigold, nor running Vine,
Of the embracing Cullumbine.
Here is no Alabaster Font,
With Sea-green *Tryton* carved on't,
Nor yet *Arion*, to bestride
The sporting Dolphins watery side;
Nor *Neptune* riding on the main,
Whose Hand a Trident does sustain.
No Silver Stream here glides along,
Bearing the Goose, or Princely Swan;
Nor yet through pleasant Shades displays
Its murm'ring Streams a hundred ways.
Here's no *Colossus* to bestride
The fronting Walks from side to side:
Nor any Statues that surpass,
Of solid Marble, or of Brass.
These and the like may such delight,
VVhose Eyes can't bare a better sight.
The Airy Nation sing not here,
But gladly lend a list'ning Ear.
The chattering Pye (if here) grows dumb,
And prating Parrats Note is done.
Domestick *Robin* nought can say,
Not does his chat avail the Jay.
The Goldfinch, Linnet, and the Thrush,
Confine themselves unto their Bush;

And

And for their silence you may swear,
They mute *Pythagoreans* are;
And *Philomel* is here affraid
Tereus with Incest to upbraid.
Now some, perchance, may ask me where
My Gardens excellencies are,
To which no other may compare?
I answer thus; The shady Trees,
Whose spreading branches some may please,
My *Clelia*'s presence doth supply,
Who may with Art and Nature vie.
For when she please for to unfold
Her braided Tresses, to behold,
You'd guess it for a Grove of Gold;
But that her Eyes such Lustre make,
That any one may well mistake,
And think it Paradise, and she
The Guardian Angel of the Tree.
Upon her Princely Forehead, there
The the azure Veins so clear appear,
In such a rich composure set,
As far exceed the Violet.
But when she please for to disclose.
Her blushing Cheeks, the new blown Rose
For shame into its bud doth close,
Not once presuming for to vie,
With such a pure Vermillion Dye.
Her Skin so rare a White does show,
As may lend Beauty to the Snow.

The paler Lillies close do ſtand,
To ſteal ſome whiteneſs from her Hand.
Her claſping Arms (O Charms Divine!)
Do far excel the Cullumbine;
VVithin whoſe cloſe embraces are
Two Virgn Fonts, ſo lovely fair,
That every drop which flows from thence,
Such Sov'raign Vertue will diſpence,
As might (if ſuch a thing could be)
Cloath us with Immortality.
But when ſhe pleaſe to touch her Lyre,
Or with her Voice our Souls Inſpire,
The gen'ral Choire of Birds will be
Raviſht with ſuch a Harmony.
The Angels too, that turn the Spheres,
VVou'd to her Anthems lend their Ears.
This is the *Eden* of my Pleaſure,
The *Indies* of my choiceſt Treaſure;
The *Venus* of my Love and State,
And the Sole Ruler of my Fate.

The Inqueſt.

WHere's abſent *Clelia*?
VVhere are thoſe Eyes,
That ſteal away
My Heart in Play,
And over it ſo ſtrangely Tyrannize?

I thought I had been free;
But looking round,
Alas for me!
I nought cou'd see,
Yet found my self in Fetters closely bound.

I laid me down to rest;
And yet my mind
Was still oppress,
And in my Breast
I did a hundred thousand torments find.

I walk'd the City round,
In search of ease;
But nothing found
On which to ground
A hope of Remedy for my Disease.

Into the Countrey streight
I made repair,
To mittigate
My cruel Fate,
But I found nothing there, but sad Despair.

I view'd the Arched Skie,
And foaming Sea,
The first too high
For me to flye,
And t'other deep, as is my Misery.

I cou'd not tell what courſe
Or way to Steer;
Or by what force
To gain Remorſe,
And eaſe my Heart of this my cruel fear.

At laſt my *Clelia* came,
O bleſt Reprieve!
And ceas'd to blame
My ardent Flame;
And for her ſake commanded me to live.

What happineſs was this,
To one as loſt?
O who cou'd wiſh
So great a Bliſs,
Half ſtarv'd at Sea, to gain ſo bleſt a Coaſt?

To the King's Majeſty.

IF that this Book, without Command,
May chance (Great Sir) to kiſs your Hand,
Vouchſafe one ſmile, my baſhful Muſe
Will then grow bold, no more refuſe
To bear Loves Standard, and defie
All force, but from a Female Eye.
The vigorous God of Love dares ſay,
That Mighty Kings his Power obey;

And

And that his force is felt by all,
The Rich, the Poor, the Great, the Small,
None are exempt, he conquers all.
The Gods themſelves his Vaſſals be;
Apollo's Love became his Tree.
Jove was a Bull, although Divine;
And *Pluto*'s Love was *Proſerpine*.
And you (Dread Sir,) more Great, we know
Have felt the power of *Cupid*'s Bow.
And may you always in the Night,
Be fill'd with *Venus*'s delight;
And in the day have choice of Pleaſure,
Which may in ſum out-vie your Treaſure;
Which grant, O Heaven, ſo great may be,
That one ſmall Bag may come to me.

A Song.

COY *Clelia*, veil thoſe Charming Eyes,
From whoſe ſurprize there's none can part;
For he that gazes, ſurely dyes,
Or leaves behind a conquered Heart.

I durſt not once preſume to look,
Or caſt my wary Eyes aſide:
But as a Boy that Cons his Book,
Cloſe ſitting by his Maſters ſide,

Dares not presume to look awry,
On Toys that catch the wand'ring sense;
So if I gaze, I surely die:
Against those Charms there's no defence.

Thus Heathens at the Suns up-rise,
Unto the Ground did bow their Head,
Not able with their feeble Eyes
To view their God they worshipped.

Sent to Clelia.

GO tell her that I love;
Yet have a special care
Lest thou despair, × procure
Whilst thou dost strive to move,
A Love whose happiness does fly so high,
'Tis the next Mansion to Divinity.

If she but ask thee where
Thy Master lives or lies,
Look on her sparkling Eyes,
And boldly tell her there;
And that thy duty made thee come to find
Him that by gazing left himself behind.

If she desire to know
Where first I saw her face;
Tell her the happy place
To which my life I owe,

Was

Was in her Garden; there I heard her ſing,
And with her Fingers touch the quav'ring String.

Nor had thy *Thracian* Lyre,
Orpheus, when thou didſt play,
More Power the Beaſts to ſtay,
Or Trees or Stones Inſpire.
Thy Auditors were ſenſleſs ones, but here
Angels came liſt'ning from their Heavenly Sphere.

If ſhe in anger ſay,
How durſt he come ſo nigh,
T' invade my privacy,
When I my ſelf retir'd away?
Tell her the Queen of Love brought me to ſee
The full perfections of her Deity.

Epig. 43. lib. 5. Martial.

THe crafty Thief may rob thee of thy ſtore,
And greedy Flames thy Houſhold-Gods devour;
Thy Debtor Principal and Uſe deny;
In barren Fields, thy Corn that's ſown, may dye.
Thy Steward, by his crafty Miſtreſs ſpoil'd;
And laden Ships be in the Ocean foil'd:
But what thou giv'ſt the Poor with liberal Hand,
This Fortune can alone thy Power withſtand.

Omnia

Omnia mutantur.

MY Genius hurried by that haſte
Which brought the Univerſe to waſte,
And all things by its Power defac't,

Compels me to reflect upon
Paſt Ages, others coming on,
By a ſwift Revolution.

For by the eating Teeth of Time,
There's nought ſo noble, or ſublime,
But ſhall be turned into ſlime.

The four great Monarchies that were
So vaſt, as kept the World in fear,
Their *Exits* paſt, and diſappear.

Cities ſo [illegible] that one may ſay,
The Sun ſcarce view'd them in a day,
Are nothing now, but heaps of Clay.

Wonders, of which the World did boaſt,
For their Magnificence and Coſt,
Are now in their own Ruins loſt.

All things are ſubject unto change,
And into ſeveral orders range:
Natures events are often ſtrange.

Yet

Yet Man, whose Glory's but a shade,
Oft-times his fancy does perswade
That nothing can his Power invade.

And yet their Honours quickly rust,
And all their glorious Titles must
Be mingled with the common dust.

Their Pageant Pomp does fade away,
And greatest Trophies soon decay,
And Death the Victor turns to clay.

Riches remain but for a Night,
And e're the Morning take their flight,
And leave the miserable Wight.

Beauty decays much like a Flower,
Which buds and spreads, and in an hour
Th' Impartial Scythe doth it devour.

That Beauty which e're-while might seem
Enough to grace the *Cyprian* Queen,
Is counted now of no esteem.

When in her Glass fair *Helen* spy'd
Her Face, by Time so mortifi'd,
Which was e're-while her chiefest pride,

She weeping said unto her Glass,
Is this the Beauty did surpass?
Tell me why I twice ravisht was.

O Time, whoſe greedy Teeth devours
The prime and glory of our Powers,
And leav'ſt us what was none of ours;

VVho lay'ſt thy rav'nous hands on all,
The Rich, the Poor, the great, the ſmall;
None are ſecure untill they fall.

VVhen will thy wanton luſt have end?
Or till what date doſt thou pretend
Theſe outrages thus to defend?

Thou need'ſt not anſwer; for I know
Thy furious courſe ſhall forward go,
Till Heaven does *Ne plus ultra* ſhow.

Tempus edax rerum tuq; invidioſa vetuſtas omnia diſtruitis, &c.

An Epitaph on A. P.

IF that Extortion, Fraud, and Strage,
Luſt, Envy, Rapine, in this Age
May claim your Tears, I juſtly may
Claim all the Tears that you can pay.
For though the pious Hand of Death
Has nimbly ſnatcht away my Breath,
It had prevented him before,
And Sin had made my Age fourſcore.

Say

Say then, who-e're ſhall name my loſs,
Here lies extinct *Miſanthrópos.*

Senex Tempus Mors & Chorus.

Sen. HAil ancient Brother, what is in thy mind,
To count the Sand, and mow the (whiſtling VVind?
Has age depriv'd thee of thy ſenſe, to be
The perfect Emblem of Foolery?
Come leave this madneſs, do as I have done,
Caſt thy old skin, and be agen as young
As is *Aurora* at her firſt up-riſe,
Youthful by virtue of her Lovers Eyes.
I am all Air, there's not a part in me
But has ſhook off it's dull Mortality;
Prithee go run and fetch me *Charles* his VVain,
To hurry me o're the Celeſtial Plain.
O Love, Love, Love, thy ſtrong *Medean* Charms
Has gave new ſtrength and motion to my Arms.
My Legs and Thighs are able to ſupport
The mighty Fabrick of Heavens ſtarry Court.
Temp. Are you in Love? *Sen.* I am. *Temp.* With (whom; *Sen.* There ſtay;
One that wou'd make thee throw thy Scyth away,
And break thy Glaſs, if thou ſhouldſt chance to
One of the ſmalleſt *Cupids* in her Eye: (ſpie

How

How then couldst thou resist united Charms,
Which conquer Men and Gods with their Alarms?
But let that pass, sure I have seen before
Thy Picture painted on a Usurers Door;
They call'd it *Time*. *Temp.* 'Tis true, and I am he
Until this day regarded not by thee,
And something slightly now. Seest thou this Glass
Thy Life and Sand in the same moment pass.
Sen. Thou ly'st, base Slave, though Sixty years (are run,
Double their Number are as yet to come;
My active Blood runs quick, and every part
Performs it's Duty round about my Heart:
My strength at Thirty never was more great,
Nor does one part fail of it's usual heat;
All pains and groans have now forsook the Stage,
And like the *Phœnix* I've renew'd my Age.
Temp. Fond Man, thy present State is but a (Breath,
And lightsomness doth but foretel thy Death;
Just as a Lamp, when all the Oyl is spent,
Gives the last farewel to it's nourishment.
Mor. Here ends thy Labour, thy last Thred is (spun,
Embrace me silently now I am come.
You seem to wonder, doating Age, I am Death,
Come to demand this moment of thy Breath.
How soon he's gone? how silently he lyes?
When I once come, in vain are all Replies;

No

No Charms can ſtay m' inexorable Hand,
All Sexes bow the head when I command;
If I once ſtrike, no Wards againſt my Blow,
Youth, Beauty, Strength, and what are priz'd (below,
Are menial things, and here may pleaſe the Eye,
But Vaſſals-like, deſert their Lords, when I
Do once appear; in vain are Prayers or Tears,
No ſound of Mercy ever pierc't my Ears.
Chor. Then happy he who leads a life ſo bleſt,
That when thou com'ſt, thou only ſhalt deveſt
Of Earthly droſs, whoſe better part ſhall flye,
A welcom preſent to the Deity;
There ſhall be laſting Pleaſures to be found,
That he ſhall thank the Hand that gave the wound.

An Elegie on Mr. W. L.

MEek, Kind, and Good, could I relate
Our loſs, and thy too ſudden fate,
I'd force the World to lend their Eyes
As Conducts to thy Obſequies.
But ſince thy loſs too great appears
To be the Subject of our Tears,
We will contemplate on thy Worth,
Too great for any to ſet forth;
And only ſaying, Thou art dead,
Will be as much as can be ſed.

Quid de te jactor? fama & tua gloria major.

A Song.

I Will not tell her that she's fair,
For that she knows as well as I,
And that her Virtues equal are
Unto the Glorys of her Eye.

And that I love her well, she knows,
For who can view that Heavenly Face,
Not paying that Respect he owes
To Beauty, bearing such a Grace?

But this I'le tell, and tell her true,
She takes upon her too much State;
For, by the Gods, it would undo
A King to Love at such a rate.

Let Common Beauties boast the Power
Of some uncommon Excellence,
And thank Dame Nature for the Dower
Of that decoying Charming Sense;

Adorn themselves with Pearls and Gold,
In Rubies and Rich Di'monds shine,
In choicest Silks that may be sold,
And all to make such Ladies Fine.

These are like some Rich Monument,
Rais'd all of carv'd and costly Stones,
Painted and Gilt for Ornament;
But full within of dead Mens Bones.

Such common ways my *Clelia* scorns,
Her lovely Soul is too sublime,
She's not compleat that Cloaths adorn,
Or does in ought but Nature shine.

To Clelia.

FAir, and yet Cruel, sure it cannot be,
Nature denies such *Catastrophe*;
The spangled Orbs serenely do display
Not in a Cloudy Night the Milkie way;
The misty Shades do swiftly disappear,
When *Sol*'s Bright rays do Crown the *Hemesphere*;
But Love is subject to the Chains of Fate,
And more unhappy proves than fortunate.
How often have my Vows to *Clelia* paid
My Constant Zeal? How often have I made
The same confession of my Love to thee,
As mortals pay unto Divinity?
Yet the requital of my Love's Disdain,
And Cruelty the Med'cine for my Pain;
A Viper which doth feed upon my Heart,
And plays the Tyrant upon every Part;

Forcing a Lethargy through all my Soul,
Which does my vital Spirits so controul,
That though you'd strive for to prevent my fate,
My Doom's confirm'd and pitty comes too late.
Thus the faint *Pilgrim* with Devotion bows
Unto the Sacred Shrine, and pays his Vows;
Beging a Blessing on his feeble knee,
Supported by his Faith and Piety;
His daily Orisons do beg Direction
From that great Pow'r that is his sole Protection;
But when at last his fatal Glass is run,
And time casts Mists before his glimmering Sun,
In some old ruin'd Monastry or Cave,
Shunning the World, he seeks a quiet Grave.

A Song.

I Have drank too much *Lethe* of late,
I've forgot that I e're was in Love,
I am Crown'd with a nobler Fate;
'Tis a passion that's too much above
That pittiful State
Which sometimes moves pitty, but oftener hate.

The sad looks of a Lover in pain,
When my fancy descends to his Breast,
Makes me Smile when I think how in vain
He does so much disquiet his rest,
In thinking her best
Who in mocking his Love does think her self blest.

Such

Such Whiners as theſe, at their leaſure,
With an ang'ry glance from their Eye,
They quickly deject at their pleaſure,
Who during their anger do dye;
Such is the meaſure
Theſe predicant Fools do get from their Treaſure.

To Clelia.

THink not, fair Madam, that your high diſ-(dain,
Which wounds my Heart, ſhall cauſe me to (ſuſtain
The pond'rous bulk of all your Tyranny,
And the Inſulting Conqueſt of your Eye.
Againſt your ſcorns I'le arme my panting Heart,
Secure from wound, and ſafe in every Part;
Biding defiance to your Conq'ring Eyes,
I'l give you no more leave to Tyranniſe.
Yet if at laſt no Remedy I find
To eaſe the troubles of my tortur'd Mind,
And with deſpair muſt yield to Fate, my Breath
Shall cenſure you the Agent of my Death:
Then you that are the cauſe of this my fate
Shall mourn and grieve like one that's deſolate,
And on my Hearſe engrave my Tragedy,
With Tears proceeding from your doleful Eye.
Yet have a care, for if a Tear ſhould ſteal
And touch my Corps, I inſtantly ſhould feel

The Fire of Love to kindle in my Breaſt,
'Twou'd wake my drowſie Senſes from their reſt.

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adſit amori.

To Clelia.

MIrrour of Beauty, from whoſe conquering (Eyes
All Power of Love and Glory does ariſe;
Reſiſtleſs Charms does Crown your Heavenly (Brow,
You *Hellen*-like no Second can allow.
Here Nature ſtrove to ſhew her greateſt Art,
Each part of you does captivate a Heart,
Your wounding Beauty ſpreads through every (Part.
Pardon me then if that I ſoar above,
The Merits of undeſerving Love.
I needs muſt love, for 'tis my cruel Fate,
Let not my kindneſs then deſerve your hate;
Since to your Beauty I have Priſoner been,
Divineſt Creature, think it not a Sin:
The Torrent of my Grief oreflow'd my Heart
And Love conceal'd ſtill ſwell'd in every Part.
All my Ambition only is to gain
Your love, but (Cruelty) I ſtrive in vain:
One Smile from you has power enough to ſave
A drooping Corps that's catching at a Grave.

On

One Frown wou'd make a Miſer, 'midſt his ſtore,
Forſake his Wealth, his Fate for to deplore:
The Gods bewail their Caſe, and mourn to ſee
Mortals ſo bleſt, more than Immortals be.
Juno till now from her *Olympick* Throne
Nere ſaw a Beauty greater then her own.
Since then all Beauty is in you alone,
You are that Goddeſs I'le adore, or none.

Scribe aliquid magnum.

I Thank you, worthy Sir, your good advice
Is like the *Recepes* of a Doctor's Bill,
Where an Ingredient's dear, to ſave the price,
You'l leave it out, though it the Patient kill.

You'd have me take ſome Noble Theam, and make
Verſes that might be worthy of the Preſs,
Which if I were ſo mad to undertake,
You'd ſee a Gyant in a Pigmies dreſs.

I am no Mole, nor can I feed on Earth,
Nor yet *Camelion*, to browſe on Air;
I always have fed well, e're ſince my Birth;
And now to ſtarve my ſelf I do not care.

Wou'd you but be *Mecenas*, then I'd try
To what my bold Invention cou'd aſpire,
And ſtrive for to excel in Poetry
Great *Maro*, and the *Rhodopean* Lyre.

No barren fancy ſhou'd poſſeſs my Brain,
Each Verſe ſhou'd flow as from *Apollo*'s Quill,
In ſuch a lofty and Heroick ſtrain
The Univerſe I'd with my Numbers fill.

I'd frame ſuch raptures in Immortal Verſe,
As ſhou'd the brighteſt Stars from Heaven con-
And every Cloud the Muſes ſhou'd diſperſe; (vey,
And with my Feet I'd tread the Milkie way.

Otia da nobis: ſed qualia fecerat olim
Mecenas Flacco, Virgilioq; ſuo.
Condere victuras tentem per ſecula chartas
Et nomen flammis eripuiſſe meum.

De Pompeo *&* Filiis, *e Martial.*

THe Sons of *Pompey* yielded up their Breath
In divers quarters of the ſpacious Earth.
Europe within her Bowels does contain
One of the Sons of Noble *Pompey* ſlain.
In *Aſia*'s Confines doth the other lye,
And he himſelf in *Africa* did dye.
What makes the World as Thunder-ſtruck ap-
(pear,
That ſuch a Slaughter ſhou'd be every where?
So great a Ruine cou'd not likely be
Contained in One place, nay ſcarce in Three.

De

De Sacerdote qui Caniculum in Cœmeterio Sepelivit.

A Wealthy *Thuſcan* Prieſt, of no mean note,
One that cou'd ſay his *Decalogue* by rote,
And *Pater-noſter* too, and, if ſuch need,
Cou'd make a Repetion of his *Creed*,
Had a ſmall Dog he did ſo much regard,
That dead, he Buried him in the Church-yard;
The Biſhop glad that he had got a Claw
Whereby to get the Prieſt into his Paw,
Summons him to a ſtrict Examination
Of his ſo irreligious Violation
Of Holy ground. The Prieſt, who knew his mind,
How much he was to Avarice inclin'd,
Appears, and with him brings full Fifty Pound,
Which he knew well wou'd make the matter ſound.
The Biſhop urg'd the Crime, and ſo far went,
That he, poor Man, muſt be to Priſon ſent;
To whom the Prieſt, My Father, did you know
How much you to that loving Creature owe,
And how in Wiſdom he did antecede
All that I ever knew was of the breed,
I am ſure you wou'd not blame my action then,
Since he deſerv'd a Burial among Men.

For whilſt he liv'd, and did enjoy his Breath,
He was as wiſe as Men, but more in Death.
The Biſhop ask't him how. The Prieſt reply'd,
He wiſely made his Will before he dy'd;
And knowing that it was a Pious deed,
He left you Fifty Pounds to help your need;
With that produc'd the money. Sure reply'd
The Biſhop, never Dog more fairely dy'd;
And God forbid I ſhou'd at all detract
From this your Zeal in ſuch a Pious Act.
If you have more, let there be ſet apart,
A place to bury Dogs of ſuch Deſert.

On Suadela.

THey ſay *Ulyſſes* by his Art
Had power to hear the *Sirens* Sing,
And from their Charming Notes depart,
Taſting the ſweets without a Sting.

I wonder not, ſince free from harms
I have left *Suadela* and her Charms.

Nobis placeant ante omnia Sylvæ.

HAil Sacred Woods, and all the rural Gods,
Who in theſe Coverts make your bleſt abodes;
Ye Fauns and Satyrs that do here reſide,
And Watery Nymphs that neer theſe ſprings abide;

And

And ye, ye pretty mourning Turtle Doves,
The living emblem of chaſteſt Loves;
May no devouring Hawk e're fly this way,
Of ſo much Innocence to make a prey:
Let all be happy, chirp ſweet Birds, and ſing,
And with your Melody theſe Woods ſhall ring.
For here I firſt beheld that Angels Face,
Which to theſe Coverts gave the greateſt Grace.
And thou, old Oak, beneath whoſe ſpreading (ſhade
That Heavenly Object did my ſight invade,
May no rough Wind e're rend thy aged top,
Or thankleſs hand thy Beauties glory crop;
Or ſhivering Winter, which the Woods bereaves,
E're rob thee of thy green and ſhady Leaves;
But may each year new Strength and Verdure (grant.
'Till thou grow young, as when thou wert a (Plant;
And may'ſt thou flouriſh many Ages more,
And ſtill more green than e're thou waſt before.
But when thou muſt decay, for eating Time
Will not permit thee always thus to ſhine,
From thy old Trunk may thouſand young ones (Flower,
Weaving their tender Boughs into a Bower.
And thou great *Paphian* Goddeſs, ever bleſs
This goodly Bower with ſo much happineſs,
That whoſoe're ſhall come within it's ſhade,
Shall to thy Myſtick power be Captive made;

Each

Each Lover then this Covert ſhall invite
To taſte the happineſs of Loves delight;
Thus ſhall thy fall be greater then thy riſe,
And of a Tree become a Paradiſe.

An Epitaph.

JUſt as I liv'd, juſt ſo I dy'd,
Contemning God and Man,
With Earthly droſs nere ſatisfi'd;
Now ſatiated am.

Deſire not to know my Name,
Which juſtly is accurſt,
For making Gold my chiefeſt aim,
Even with *Tantalian* thirſt.

A Dialogue.

Lover. REnder your Heart, or elſe give me mine
Virgin. What, change with Men? [again.
Lov. Juſtice commands you to do one or t'other.
Vir. Yes, to a Lover.
Lov. Then I am he, ſweet Saint, that owns that Flame.
Vir. You are much to blame.
Lov. For loving you? I muſt until I dye.
Vir. Pray tell me why.

Lov.

Lov. Moſt mighty Love no reaſon can indure.
Vir. Is your Love pure?
Lov. As pure from ſpot as Elemental Fire.
Vir. N'ere to expire?
Lov. No, not when Time it ſelf ſhall ceaſe to be.
Vir. You have conquer'd me.
Lov. Bleſt voice, that very word new life does (give.
Vir. With thee I'le live.
Lov. Our mutual Joy ſhall with our Loves com- (bine.
Vir. I am only thine.
Lov. Triumphant Love, what never loſe the field?
Vir. Love makes me yield.
Lov. Then let's enjoy each other without fear.
Vir. Agreed, my Dear.

A Paſtoral Courtſhip.

Come, my Dear Love, into this Grove,
This Paradiſe ſhall cover
The ſecret Pleaſures of our Love,
Which we will here diſcover.

See how the Trees do bend their Boughs,
And ſilent murmuring make,
Whilſt the inviting Shade allows
A place to recreate.

The

The pleaſant Birds do ſit and ſing,
No cauſe of ſorrow's here,
Here nothing lurks will terror bring
To Hare or timerous Deer.

The pretty cooing Turtles take
This place for their delight,
And an inviting moaning make,
Nor fear the ravenous Kite.

And all ſtand wond'ring and admire
That we delay ſo long,
The gentle Choire of Birds conſpire
To pleaſe us with a Song.

But why ſo coy? thou needſt not fear,
No danger's in this Grove,
Venus her ſelf did here enjoy
The Pleaſures of her love.

Come let me kiſs thoſe Lips, thoſe Eyes
That Captivate my Heart,
And are to me a Paradiſe
Beyond the power of Art.

O let me touch thoſe milk-white Breaſts,
Which like the *Alps* appear,
Which never yet ſond Love hath preſt
To make his Vintage there.

Come

Come let that Belly, which might well
A *Stoick's* courage move,
Which does ſo far, dear Love, excel,
Receive the ſtamp of Love.

So, do not bluſh, the buding Roſe
That hangs upon the Tree,
Retains his glory, though the Noſe
Has raviſht its Virginity.

Come do not grieve, thou needſt not fear,
This place will all conceal,
There's none can know what we did here,
Our Pleaſures to reveal.

Nor does thy Angels Beauty ſeem
Leſs lovely than before,
For then thy Face but here and there
A little *Cupid* bore.

But now ten thouſand *Cupids* crown
That heavenly Face of thine,
Angellick Eſſence flowing down
Has made thee quite Divine.

Therefore

Therefore each day we'll try the Power
What charms of Love can do,
And create Pleaſures for each Hour,
Until the Gods ſhall ſue,
My Joy, my Paradiſe, to Worſhip you.

Ite triumphales circum mea tempora lauri
Vicimus, in noſtro eſt ecce Corinna ſinu.

An Epitaph.

ALas, poor Infant! Death was too ſevere,
O're ſuch ſmall Bones to raiſe a Trophy
Mercileſs Tyrant, thus for to bereave (here.
Thee of thy life, ſcarce giving time to Breath.
Thou wert a Gem, as quickly loſt as found,
Thy Life and Death was in one Volumn bound.
If Prayers and Tears cou'd have preſerv'd thy
(Breath,
Thou yet hadſt liv'd triumphant over Death.
But thou wert ſnatch'd away, thy riſing Sun
Finiſh'd its Courſe e're it had ſcarce begun;
And we in darkneſs mourn, yet we can ſee
The Hand that cuts the Twig may fell the Tree.
Sweet Fruits ſoon drop, but thoſe that longer laſt
Always do reliſh with a ſower taſte.

Optima prima fere manibus rapiuntur avaris
Implentur numeris deteriora ſuis.

The

The Syrens *Song.*

YE Powers above, and ye Celeſtial ones,
We *Sirens* ſing a doleful Lullaby
To thoſe who by our falſe inchanting Tones,
We draw to hear our pleaſant Harmony.

No *Ulyſſean* ſtratagem nor skill
Can ſave poor Mariners that coaſt our way,
But with Inchanting Notes we pleaſe and kill
Who on our Road to hear our voice do ſtray.

And Women-like, our Tongue can play its part;
Whilſt like to Deities wee ſeem to be,
At the ſame inſtant we can by our Art,
Read to poor Mariners their Deſtiny.

An Elegie on the Death of that Noble and Renowned Gentleman, Collonel Simon Lambert, *of the Iſland of the* Barbadoes.

Dignum laude virum muſa vetat mori.

BEfore ſome Famine, Peſtilence, or War,
Or Monarchs Death, Heaven ſends a blazing (Star,
To let us know not what to hope, but fear,
When ſuch Portents his Meſſengers appear.
And can great *Lambert* dye, and Nature ſhow
No ſign, ſo great a ruine to forego?
Had I beheld th' Illuſtrious Prince of Light
Reſign his glorious Rays to ſable Night,
And ſome bright Conſtellation fall from thence,
I inſtantly ſhou'd have inferr'd from hence
Our certain loſs, and boldly wou'd have ſaid,
The Heavens declare that vertuous *Lambert's*
But none of theſe preſented to our view, (dead.
Yet that he's dead, we know to be too true.
Let us conſider then what loſs we have,
And what great Vertue's buried in his Grave:
For we lament no ſhrub that was but ſmall,
But grieve to ſee this ſtately Cedar's fall.

Be-

Beneath whose spreading Branches, whilest it (stood,
Whilst it did flourish like a verdant Wood,
We did enjoy all that was just and good.
Great *Jonathan*, a Witness thou may'st be,
He liv'd to serve his Sovereign and thee.
He was no gilded Image, that did show
A Glorious outside, and did nothing know:
But he in every part was so compleat,
As shew'd that he was wise, as well as great.
Among the Best, he Noblest was, and where
The Noblest were, there he did Best appear.
Mercy and Justice both did in him dwell,
And each did strive which shou'd in him excell.
He, like another *Atlas*, did sustain
This Islands burthen, with *Minerva*'s Brain;
And in each Exigent he did advise,
As if that he had seen with *Argus* Eyes.
In sum, Each action has deserv'd Renown,
For which he shall receive a Heavenly Crown,
And sing with Angels in that ~~Heavenly~~ glorious Choire,
To which his Righteous Soul did still aspire.

To Madam Lambert.

NOW, Madam, since you have sustain'd a (loss,
Which all the pleasures of your Life may cross;

And such a loss as doth all loss exceed,
Whose very name may make your heart to bleed;
Yet comfort take, since he is gone before,
To wait your coming at the Heavenly Door;
Where you shall enter an Immortal Bride,
With Saints and Angels to be glorify'd.
Nor let it be a grief that you have none
To pattern your dead Lord, I mean, a Son:
His Vertues have immortaliz'd his name,
And still he lives in a perennal Fame.

The Epitaph. An Acrostick.

S trong Monuments of Wood, Marble, or Brass,
I n time time decay and into Ruines pass;
M aking a mock of all that Pomp and Pride,
O n which the hopes of Fame has still rely'd.
N ote here a President did know full well,

L ife justly led all Monuments excel.
A Person of such great Desert and Fame,
M ight all the highest worths of Honour Claim;
B y which he to himself has been so kind,
E ternal Monuments to leave behind.
R eader, who-e're thou art, believe thus much,
T his Island scarce can find another such.

On

On my Ladies Lap-Dog.

Elaps, my Ladys Dog, muſt ſit at Meat,
And be her Taſter, e're my Lady'l eat:
The choiceſt bits the Table can afford,
My Lady cuts, and gives them to her——
And many a lick his Curſhip gives my Lady,
Who cries, Poor Creature, he's as kind as may be.
And when 'tis Night, e're ſhe can take her reſt,
My Lady calls for that which ſhe loves beſt.
Her pretty Dog is all my Lady's care;
I ſmell a Rat, Madam, you'd beſt beware.
All Night ſhe folds him in her Arms, the Cur,
Perchance, may fare the worſe for loving her.
He's ſlick and ſporting, who can chuſe but doat
On that which lies under a Ladis Coat?
But why a Dog? Cannot my Lady find
Some ſpruce young Gallant that will pleaſe her mind?
Is Earth ſo barren, can it not afford
Something will better perſonate a Lord?
Yet 'tis the mode, I grant it, ſo you keep
Your Dogs to watch, whilſt, Madam, you do ſleep.
However, we'd ſuppoſe this done for faſhion,
Did not your actions ſhew too much of Paſſion:
For 't gives ſuſpition unto every Gueſt,
To ſee a Chriſtian ſerv'd after a Beaſt.

Her Plea is Innocence; yes, in this sense,
A kind of dogged brutish Innocence,
And Pretty: May be so, Nature, thou'rt wise,
In giving Ladies such perspicuous Eyes.
When first I saw him lying on her Bed,
I could have left him shorter by his Head,
For all his Beauty; nor yet cou'd I find
One part more rare in him than all his Kind.
And yet she doats upon this ugly Cur;
He and my Lady 'tis keeps all the stir.
Many do think the Dog is too obscene,
Or what the Devil should my Lady mean?

De Leone & Lepore, e Martial.

WHat makes the trembling Hare the Lyon (fly
Thy death agrees not with his Majesty.
A nobler Object doth his rage possess,
And thou by flying makes his Glory less:
His Hunger is asswag'd by blood of Bears,
And mighty Bulls he in his anger tears.
The choicest Stag the Coverts can afford,
Is made a Dish to serve the Forests Lord.
Dogs prey on Hares. Let not the *Irish* Boy
Fear mighty *Charles* will his base Youth destroy.

To the Worſhipful Jonathan Atkins, *Knight, Governour of the Iſland of the* Barbadoes.

WHat ails the Poet? What a new deſire
Inflames his Heart, and doth his Soul (inſpire,
With emulous Notes to touch *Apollo's* Lyre?
'Tis you, dear Sir, as great by Birth as Fame,
Whom Merit and true Honour gives a Name;
Who Heaven (Great Soul) did ſend for to revive
This drooping Iſland, and to keep alive
Thoſe who Oppreſſion did before enſlave,
And Cruelty deject unto the Grave.
You are the Subject of my Verſe, to you
All the Encomiums of our Praiſe is due.
Aſtræa now appears with Heavenly Grace,
And baniſh'd Juſtice re-aſſumes her place.
The courſe of things are chang'd, and we are now
No more deceiv'd by *Janus* double brow.
Bleſt *Halcyon* days, and you that made them ſo!
Unto what Land ſoever I ſhall go,
Your Memory I'll ſtrive for to diſplay,
Whilſt *Phœbus* with his Beams adorns the day.
But yet methinks I hear ſome ſay, Where's he
Dares contradict us in our Seigniory,
And tax our actions? Come, and you ſhall ſee
One fam'd for Juſtice, Mercy, Piety;

VVhose Eye no diff'rence knows between the (poor,
And him whose laden Ships can hold no more;
VVhose actions Justice guides, for in each Hand
The Sword and Balance equally do stand.
Here's no Perversion; here's the *Motto* too,
Give God and Cæsar *equally their due.*
O glorious Sun-shine of this *Western* Isle,
VVhat noble Appellation, or what Stile
Befits thy Praise? Or how can we express
Our Joy, your Bounty, and our Happiness?
VVhose liberal hand bestows, e're we can think,
Whole Bowls of Blessings, fill'd up to the brink,
Beyond our hopes: Yet thus the Powers we serve
Are wont for to reward, e're we deserve.
O thou great Author of all Earthly things,
Whose hand depose Princes, throws down Kings,
Who view'st from thy *Olympick* Throne the (State,
And actions of each mighty Potentate;
VVho rules the worlds vast Frame, O Crown (the days
Of our blest *Jonathan* with living Bays;
And that his Progeny may ever live,
Propitious Heavens, grant, as I believe.
First shall the liquid VVaters cease to flow,
The Earth to cause both Plants and Trees to grow,
Heavens radiant Monarch shall deny his light,
The Machine of the VVorld involv'd in Night;

The

The Lamb ſhall ſlay the Lyon, and the Hare
Of the ſwift Hound no more ſhall ſtand in fear;
The Eagle court the Dove, and all things be
In Sympathie with their Antipathie:
'Tis then, and not till then, my Pen ſhall ſtay,
And ſtrive no more your Glory to diſplay;
Which like the Sun in his Meridian height,
Cheers the whole World with his illuſtrious Light.

Ante leves ergo paſcentur in æthere cervi, &c.
Quam noſtro illius labatur pectore vultus.

The Lovers Greeting.

WHen bald-pate Winter, with his hoary (head,
By the Springs kind aſpect was vanquiſhed;
When ſturdy *Boreas* Storms were over paſt,
And milder *Zeph'rus* breath'd his gentle blaſt;
In pleaſant *May*, when *Flora* did inveſt
The Fields with green, and ſhady Coverts bleſt;
When ev'ry where the bright refulgent beams
Of glorious *Titan* ſhin'd upon the ſtreams
Of gliding Cryſtal Floods, whoſe waving pace
Seem'd as it were to emulate with Grace
The various Clouds, and gladly to invite
Faint-hearted Lovers to their dear delight.
It was my chance to meet my deareſt Love,
Who, Gods you know, I do eſteem above

All earthly Treaſures, and to me what-e're
Under both Polls can be accounted fair.
I came (and with a modeſt pace) and bent
My tim'rous body, full of diſcontent,
And at her feet (who the great Gods above
Can teſtifie, I do ſincerely love)
I proſtrate fell, thinking thereby to gain
One loving ſmile, but it was all in vain.
For, O my cruel Fate, at the firſt view
Her ſmiling Countenance my Love withdrew,
And with an ireful look ſhe caſt her Eye,
Bending her brows, now full of Tyranny.
So have I ſeen when *Phœbus* in his might,
Shoots forth his glorious Raies, whoſe ſhining
Doth dazle all Mens Eyes; yet by and by (light
An envious Cloud doth hide him from our Eye.
But all this time I ſtood amaz'd, nor knew
To bear thoſe ſudden ſtorms of frowns ſhe threw.
Juſt as when *Jove* doth thunder in the Sky,
The amaz'd beholder, ready for to dye,
Trembles and ſhakes, not knowing how to free
Himſelf from danger that he's forc'd to ſee.
Yet at the laſt, when I cou'd nought perceive
That might at all my tim'rous heart relieve,
Like a bold Soldier, mad, with deſp'rate Fate,
Reſolv'd my cruel Fortune to abate,
And give the Onſet with a Heart that's free
From Fear, or any ſuch baſe ignomy.
I tried a thouſand ways, but all in vain,
Still what I did, did more increaſe my Flame.

Ah

Ah cruel Nymph, abate your high disdain,
And grant me Love to mitigate my pain;
Which if you do deny, for my relief,
'Tis Death shall ease the burthen of my grief.

Sui minus est animus nobis effundere vitam
In me crudelis non potes esse diu.

Farewell to Pleasure and to fond Delight,
Farewel those thoughts which an unconstant mind
Is still perplext with, pond'ring in the Night,
For what his wearied Lust can never find;
His Rage is blind,
And he far more unconstant than the Wind.

When I but think how my disorder'd Heart
Has by the motion of one flatt'ring look,
By that detested, vile and cursed Art,
Venus, I mean thy subtle tempting Hook,
Been tamely took; (Book.
Thus tempting Toys make Children leave their

O then those Charms that did my Heart controll,
Burst in a Fury from my swelter'd Breast,
And the disorder'd passions of my Soul
Their damn'd and treach'rous ways does so detest,
That over-prest,
My weary'd mind is robb'd of all its rest.

On Clelia's Sore Eyes.

WHat makes the Frontiers of the sable night
Display their Mists, and thus expel the (light?
Dire Queen of Shades, what power, as yet un- (known,
Hast thou assum'd, that's stronger than thy own?
These sable Mists are worse than those that fell
On impious *Pharaoh* for an *Israel*:
For but a time those dismal Clouds did stay,
Which gave a greater welcom to the day.
But now the Gods, the angry Gods, I find,
All human kind has at one stroke struck blind,
And rob'd the World of Glory in its height,
Having eclipst its main and greatest light:
And now, alas! muffl'd in Clouds, it lies
Groping in darkness, robb'd of both its Eyes:
Nor can we hope our Fate for to reverse,
But are like mourners drooping o're a Hearse,
Till in your Eyes, your Eyes, we may behold
Beauty enthron'd, more bright than burnisht Gold,
Which now is hid, and doth obscurely lye,
As pearls i'th' Oceans vast profundity.
But sure the mighty Pow'rs had some design,
And our neglect of you they thought a Crime;
And took from us, what we as slightly prize
As *Indians* Gold, and precious Treasuries;
And now think fit, lest by those Stars we fall,
And so receive a gen'ral Funeral, For

For to restore us by degrees those Eyes,
Which else would make mankind a sacrifice;
As Men not quite recover'd of their sight,
Do lose the same by the excess of light.

A Dream.

TEll me, thou pale-fac'd Empress of the Night,
What horrid terror did my mind affright.
I saw, and in a Dream a Damsel stood
Before me trembling, all besmear'd with Blood.
In her right Hand a wither'd Branch she had,
And with a sable Veil her Brows were clad;
And to her self she mourning seem'd to say,
'Twas love, alas! fond Girl, did thee betray.
And so she vanish'd. Then I heard a cry.
Of a lost Damsel, at the point to die.
Her latest Breath did on *Narcissus* call,
Cruel *Narcissus*, cruel in my fall.
For thee I did honour and life forsake,
And gave thee Love, which thou refus'd to take;
For thee I did *Philanders* Love despise,
Who now may glory at my injuries.
Her other words she did in Tears confound,
Abruptly mangled in a dying sound.
With that I shrunk, and sudain terror prest
My melting Heart in my molested Breast;
I ponder'd in my mind, at length I knew
The voice was *Phillis*, that her self had slew;

And

And art thou dead, said I, false unto me?
His hate's a just reward of Perjury.
But O that yet my life cou'd thine redeem,
My Soul thou'd vanish as of no esteem:
O cruelty! what made thee so unkind,
To kill the Joy, and Darling of Mankind?
And since thy Death by Pen can't be expresst,
I'le write thy Elegie upon my Breast.
But snatching at my Sword, a Hand was sent,
My sudden Execution to prevent;
And *Phillis*, who before I thought was dead,
Appear'd, and with a Garland Crown'd my Head,
And told me death had not the power to sever
Two Hands, two Hearts, that must be joyn'd (for ever.
Then waking suddenly, I knew the Theam
Was my molested fancy in a Dream.
Even when I wake or sleep thou'rt in my mind,
Unconstant *Phillis*, cruel, and unkind.

Omnia qua sensu volvuntur vota diurno,
Tempore nocturno reddit amica quies.

An

An Elegie on the Death of his very good Friend Mr. Edward Lynch, *Buried in* Salisbury Cathedral.

ASiſt my Muſe, thou graveſt of the Nine,
Melpomine, aſſiſt, and let Line
Proceed from thy more ſolemn ſtate, which ſhall
Attend the Rites of this ſad Funeral.
Shall then Eternal ſleep rich minds repreſs,
And leave them only to enjoy their bliſs?
And muſt their Names no more be thought upon,
Buried in ſilent Oblivion?
And with their Bodies muſt their Names be
Into the Earth, and Buried in the Duſt? (thruſt
No, no, their Fame ſwift Time ſhall ne're devaſt,
But flouriſh ſtill, ſo long as Time ſhall laſt.
Why then doth Death involve my Friend, who
And in the Duſt a ſilent *Requiem* keeps? (ſleeps,
But that thy Name henceforth may never die,
I'l write in Verſe thy mournful Elegie.
Yet Ink's too black a Colour to infold
Thy vertuous Name, that ſhou'd be writ in Gold.
That honor'd Marble that does bear thy Name,
Henceforth ſhall be Immortal by the ſame.
Nor Time nor eating Age ſhall e're devour
What bears th' Impreſſion of ſo fair a Flower.

When

When first my steps unto thy Grave drew nigh,
To pay my duty to thy memory,
The pious Marble thaw'd into a Tear,
As silently expressing thou wert there.
The Marble Statues, Bishops, Prebends, Lords,
And many other that the place affords,
Through stony Mantles wept their sufferings,
And seem'd to me like *Arethusa*'s Springs.
And may they ever weep, for Piety
Is seldom found among them till they dye.
Who e're shall hear thy Name, and shall not spend
One Tear for thee, unpitty'd be his end,
And may his Ghost do pennance at thy Grave,
Honor'd (though restless) such a Doom to have.
Methinks I cou'd grow ang'ry with my Muse,
That thou'd at such a time her aid refuse;
But that she told me that her Lungs were weak,
And far unfit thy Praises for to speak;
And that whilst she thy Fame did strive t' express,
Her halting Numbers only made it less.
We knew thy worth e're we discern'd thy Age,
And budding Glory gave a true presage
Of what thou did'st, and what thou would'st have done,
Had not thy rising, prov'd thy setting Sun.
O cou'd I speak thy praise, I would disperse
Thy living Fame throughout the Universe:
To tell thy worth, how vert'ous and how wise,
In this I know none can Hyperbolise.
Each of thy actions strove for to excell,
As rolling Waves which in the Ocean swell.

My

My Muſe, in contemplation now of thee,
Has ſtruck the Poet in an Ecſtaſie.

Love Triumphant.

'TWas at the time when *Phœbus* with his Rayes
The Univerſe with equal Beams ſerveys;
When Flocks and Heards to the cool Shades repair,
T' enjoy the Breezes of a cooler Air.
I laid me down upon the Graſs to reſt,
Whilſt Loves fierce God inflam'd my tender Breaſt.
Millions of thoughts I interweav'd with fears,
And my bleſt Saints Idea waſh'd in Tears.
Ah, cruel Nymph, ſaid I, what God unkind
Hath with ſuch Cruelty incens'd thy mind?
Lay by *Joves* Flames, *Salmonean* terrors fear,
Leaſt you his Thunder and his Lightning bear.
For that great God that rules the arched Skie,
Can ne're be pleas'd with acts of cruelty.
But if you needs will take a Goddeſs form,
Which can your native Beauty nought adorn,
Take her whoſe milder form Mankind did move
To honour and adore as Queen of Love.
Thus ſhall you gain that honour that's your due,
And we take you for her, or her for you.
Thus whilſt my mind paſſion toſs'd too and fro,
As Waves by Winds which on the Ocean blow,
Behold my *Clelia* came, and forward preſt,
Whilſt the light Wind her lower Parts undreſt;

Rich

Rich in Attire, in Beauty richer far:
Thus *Venus* us'd to court the God of War;
And thus themſelves who in the Woods retire,
The *Naides*, and *Draydes* attire.
I ſilent lay, as if with ſleep oppreſt,
Whilſt her right Arm ſurrounds my willing Breaſt.
I made return, and often *Clelia* cry'd,
She who you ſeek is here, ſhe then reply'd;
With that I gave a ſtart, to let her know
How great a paſſion in my Breaſt did flow;
She ſmil'd, as ſomething pleas'd to ſee me ſtart,
And by my actions ſeem'd to know my Heart.
Then, as if newly riſen from a trance,
Or death-like ſleep, I did my Head advance,
And mildly ſpeak her thus, Goddeſs moſt fair,
If you are come to comfort my deſpair,
You have nob'ly done, taking that ſhape whereby
You may at once deceive and pleaſe my Eye.
But if you come for to deride my fear,
And make me think my abſent *Clelia* here,
You have loſt your aim, for to my grief I know
My *Clelia* ne're did ſo much kindneſs ſhow.
However I'm content, be what you will,
Nothing that bears that form can e're be ill.
Much more I wou'd have ſaid, but ſhe, too kind
To bear my paſſion with a ſteady mind,
With loving words my ſorrow did aſſwage,
Commanding me no farther to engage
My ſelf in ſadneſs, ſince before my Eyes
No flying ſhade did ſtand to Tantalize;

But

But real Subſtance, which did paſſion move,
And her who I ſo oft had vow'd to love.
I gave attention unto what ſhe ſaid,
And millions more of Proteſtations made
To keep my faith inviolate, whilſt ſhe,
Poor Soul, did both believe and pitty me.
I often kiſſing wring'd her by the Hand,
And by dumb ſigns gave her to underſtand
My head-ſtrong Paſſion wou'd no more obey,
Since ſhe her ſelf had took the curb away.
But ſhe, too Innocent, ne're underſtood
The ſwelling Tides of Paſſion in my Blood:
Yet from her Eyes ſome pitty did diſtil,
Like Pearls thruſt out, though ſhrewd againſt (their will;
Unwilling for to leave that happy place,
Where ſorrow cou'd not chuſe but have a grace.
Thus temper'd Steel is ſometimes clad in ruſt,
And grains of Gold are mingled with the Duſt.
But I, who in the Wars of Love had been
A Voluntier, thought now or ne're to win
The honour of the day, and in ſome ſort
To gain the conqueſt of the Virgin Fort;
Which I aſſaulted with ſo free a force,
(Not with Battallions of Foot and Horſe;
But ſmooth and courtly Complements) as might
Have mov'd the chaſte *Diana* to delight,
And made the cold *Lucretia* to deſire
To wanton in the Flames of *Venus* fire.

Then *Clelia* ſurrender'd, all her Treaſure
Was ſolely at the Conquerours will and Pleaſure;
Which was ſo great, that nothing can augment
My Joy, or add unto my bleſt Content.
Divineſt Creature, to whoſe heavenly Brow
Our yielding Hearts do with ſubmiſſion bow;
Rare Maſter-piece of Nature, here I lye
Conquer'd by Beauty, and by Beauty dye.
To you my Ghoſt ſhall in the Night appear,
And though I die, I'll never leave you here.
Yet you are cruel, and will not afford
My dying Corps but one poor parting Word.
O that your Beauty had leſs mortal been,
Or that to love had not been held a ſin!
I boldly to the World wou'd have made known
Thy Beauty claims Deſert, and thine alone.
But ſtay, methinks there's ſomething in thy Eye
That tells me that thy Lover muſt not die.
And ſince that thou haſt gave this bleſt Reprieve,
I for thy ſake will be content to live,
And by ſome ſignal Service henceforth try
For to requite your generoſity.

AS you are fair, can you be loving too,
And make me happy in adoring you?
Not all the Wealth that India *can give,*
Without your love, can make me wiſh to live.

As in the Ocean, on a Summers day,
You may behold the Fiſh keep Holy-day,

Ar

Are all o're joy'd, and ſmile as 'twere; to ſee
Fair weather gild the rough and angry Sea.
Can ſo my Fortune more auſpicious prove?
You having ſmil'd upon my hopeleſs Love,
Be as you are ſo kind, ſo truly fair,
Loving of me, who now caſt off deſpair;
Too ſoon a flame will elſe my Heart control,

And leave my drooping Corps without a Soul.
Make me but ſure that you will ever love
Me, who no other joys cou'd ever move;
Happy that day, thrice happy, wherein I
In you beheld my chief felicity.
Adoring you, I feel a ſcorching fire;
You, you alone, can make that flame retire.

Not that the Ardor can e're quite retreat,
All you can do is to allay the Heat;
The ſcorching Fervor never will give o're,
Wealth cannot do't, nor a whole Nations ſtore.
That you are good, we know, Vertuous, and Wiſe:
India's bright Sun took luſter from your Eyes.
Can elſe his Beams ſo dazle all Mens ſight?
Give me but leave, I'll ſay, He robb'd his Light.

Without your Beauty, he eclips'd muſt lye;
Your Preſence comprehends a Deity.
Love heads his Golden Arrows, and from you
Can take ſuch Charms as may the World ſubdue,

Make all things yeild, even the great Gods above:
Me thinks I hear them cry, Great Queen of Love;
Wish ing to fall by your more pleasing Fate,
To you they come, and for their Sentence wait;
Live, Queen of Love, with most Imperial State.

On a Sigh.

GO, mournful Sigh, haste to my Fair,
And to her what thou know'st declare;
Tell her, that thou wert so oppress
Within the Prison of my breast,
That having broak the Gaol, thou fled'st to her
(for rest.

But if unkindly she deny,
Then shall thy wretched Gaoler die;
And by this means thou shalt be free
From thy Confinement, she from thee,
And I from all my grief and wretched misery.

But yet, poor mournful Breath, beware
Thou dost not draw from her a Tear.
For if thou dost, I will confine
Thee to this hollow Breast of mine,
And give thee no more leave or time to wander
(there.

For

For who can tell, but she may be
So loving as to pitty thee,
And on thy sorrow notice take,
And entertain thee for my sake,
In Paradice of Joy and full felicity.

Mount Ida.

IN times of old, when Kings did not disdain
The sweet Employment of the silly Swain;
When to the Gods the rural Altar fumes
With Sacred Incense and with sweet Perfumes,
Were daily blest, and all things seem'd to be
A Paradise for Mans felicity,
Then no insulting Tyrant did molest,
Hind'ring the quiet of his Subjects rest;
But then Simplicity did crown the day,
And Innocence did every Scepter sway.
Within the Confines of vast *Asia's* Womb
Once was a stately City, now a Tomb;
Imperial *Troy*, whose stately Structures Pride
Did *Egypts* lofty Pyramids deride.
Rich in a King, their glory to augment,
No Stranger, but by lineal descent;
And blest with Children of such high Renown,
Which did augment the honour of his Crown;
But that this Sentence might have its *Probatum*,
Nihil est ab omni parte beatum.

Whilſt *Paris*, *Priam*'s Son, with care did keep,
In flowry Meads, his Fathers Flocks of Sheep,
Lo, Three triumphant Goddeſſes, of Birth
Celeſtial, guide their ſteps unto the Earth,
VValking to view the Fields, whoſe Fragrant (ſmell
The richeſt *Indian* Odours did excel.
Diſcordia griev'd (as 'twas her courſe) to ſee
Three potent Goddeſſes ſo well agree,
Throwing a Golden Ball before them, ſays,
Let her take this, whoſe Beauty wins the Bays.
All plead their Titles in the flowry Field,
And each unto her Rival ſcorns to yeild.
Till walking forward, they did ſoon eſpy
The ſprightly Son of *Priam*, who did lye
Under a lofty Tree, whoſe ſpreading ſhade
Sols Radiant Beames did all in vain invade.
Between them then, to end this fatal grudge,
They all conſent to make brave *Paris* Judge.
But when the youngſter ſaw the glorious ſight,
His Heart was ſtraightway raviſht, and the ſight
Inflam'd his generous Soul, he proſtrate lyes,
He worſhips and adores the Deities.
Nor can he longer gaze, ſo great a light
Cou'd not be bore by any mortal ſight.
VVhich when they ſee, and think upon the Prize,
They add new force and vigor to his Eyes.
To whom Queen *Juno* mildly did begin,
Both with applauſe, and promiſe for to win,

Juno's

Juno's *Speech.*

Thou who of *Priams* Court the glory art,
More beautifi'd by Nature than by Art;
Give me the Ball, let not thy Hand refrain,
But give it me, and I'le give thee again
Glory and Honour, and what e're can be
Than this more happy, that I'le give to thee.
I'le ſet a Crown of Gold upon thy Head,
Theſe words thereon ſhall be Intituled,
THE GLORY OF THE WORLD. Riches and
Honour and Fame ſhall ever propagate. (State,
The Worlds vaſt Confines ſhall a tribute yield
To thee alone, the *Cæſar* of the Field;
The breath of Fame ſhall all thy ſtate declare,
And all the world ſhall term thee Fortunes Heir;
And if there's ought thy mind can covet more,
Command Queen *Juno*, ſcorn for to implore.

The youngſter ſtands amaz'd, his Hearts on fire,
A thirſt of Honour does his Soul inſpire;
His eager heart had ſoon a Captive been,
Had not brave *Pallas* ſoon prevented him,
VVhoſe Princely preſence does his mind control,
And adds new force unto his vigorous Soul.

Pallas *Speech.*

To whom the Goddess mildly thus, Brave Prince,
Does *Juno*'s powerful promise so convince
Thy easie fancy to dispose the Prize?
Art thou become a Captive to her Eyes?
Can Wealth and Honour make thee to contemn
The certain gift of Wisdoms Diadem?
Wisdom gains Riches; Honour's but a slave,
A Lambent fire; our fancy more does crave.
I scorn to court thee for the Ball, yet know,
If thou on *Pallas* do the same bestow,
Thy Wisdom through the spacious Earth shall ring,
And Forraign Nations shall their Presents bring:
Thy Foes shall yield unto thy conquering Hand
Nor shalt thou fear any invading Band,
Or Forraign Force, for thou alone shalt Reign
From *East* to *West*, and o're the floating Main.

And ending thus, *Venus* drew near, whose smile
The youngster of his Senses quite beguiles;
She robs him of his Heart, and therewithal
Obtains the long'd-for prize, the Golden Ball.
For when the Prince had with a pleasing Eye
Beheld the glory of the Deity,

A ſudden Joy through every Member ſteals,
And by his bluſhes he his Love reveals.
To whom the Queen of Souls, Goddeſs of Loves,
More ſweet and gentle than her Team of Doves,
Makes her addreſs with words ſo courtly mild,
As might the watchful Dragon have beguild,
Or charm'd the Brazen-footed Bulls, and made
The Sons of *Tellus* ceaſe for to invade
Each others life; ſuch was her charming Tongue,
As without Magick might make *Æſon* young.
And bring th' *Heſperian* Fruit into her lap,
Force *Argus* hundred Eyes to take a nap.
Here Majeſty and Love did well agree,
And both concur, great Queen, to favour thee.
Such charms her looks did bear, ſuch her aſpect,
When ſhe to *Parris* did this Speech direct.

Venus *Speech.*

BRave Prince, to whom the Goddeſſes have been
Both ſuppliants, endeavouring to win
The Prize, which only does belong to me,
The Fates themſelves grant the Priority.
They promiſe Conqueſt, Wiſdom, and a Throne;
All this is nought but what's before thy own.
But yet ſuppoſe it ſo, cou'dſt thou delight
In cruel Wars, where blood doth blood excite?
Is this the way to gain thee honour? No,
Kingdoms thou mayſt poſſeſs, and periſh ſo.

Who

Who gains by Blood and Death, shall, at the price,
Have the reward of blood and avarice.
Or rather, wouldst thou chuse on Beds of Down,
In *Cupids* Fields to gain the sweet renown,
Spending thy youthful days in merriment,
Such as pale War did never yet invent,
With *Grecian* Dames, whose Beauty may not be
Expresst by Tongue, or Pens Indignity?
If this can please, give me the Prize, I sue
Both as my merit, and my Beauties due;
And thou shalt gain a Lady, such another
Titans Majestick Raies did ne're discover;
Whose Beauties form there's none can Parallel,
Her Skin for Whiteness does as far excel
The driven Snow, as does the Suns bright Raies
A glittering Star: shou'd I disclose her praise,
How red unto the sight her Cheeks do seem,
That you wou'd term her to be Beauties Queen;
Indulgent Nature out of all her store,
Has not enough to make one Beauty more.

Now *Paris* burns with Love, his warm desire
At length is turn'd into a Flame of Fire;
He knows no medium now, Love sways each (Part,
And reigns as Monarch o're his very Heart;
And, with a willing Hand, he gives the Ball
To *Venus*, most deserving it of all.
Juno, and *Pallas*, with an ireful Eye,
Ascend into the Turrets of the Skie,

There

There mindful of their wrongs, deliberate
The Ruine of the mighty *Trojan* State.

——— *Manet altâ mente repôstum*
Judicium Paridis ſpretæq; injuria formæ.

On Clelia's *Picture.*

DO'ſt not thou ſee this Picture ſet,
Round with the Roſe and Violet,
Crown'd with the Garlands of the Spring,
And Looks that might entice a King?
And can thy Eye find any place
To gaze upon, but on this Face?
Do'ſt not thou ſee that ſparkling Eye
Inflam'd with Love and Majeſty;
Thoſe tempting Lips, than which to kiſs,
I cou'd not hope a greater bliſs;
Thoſe lovely Cheeks, nay, every Part
Not able to be prais'd by Art;
And ask me whom it repreſents?
My Life, my Soul, my dieſt Contents.
'Tis *Clelia*'s Shaddow, which her Eye
Reflected here as ſhe paſt by.
To which, as 'tis her due, I pay
A thouſand Offerings a Day.
And now, methinks, I ceaſe to blame
The *Ethnicks*, who did Idols frame,
If that among their Number they
Had any one like *Clelia*.

My

MY Friend *John Clement* t'other day,
Was very Sick and like to dye,
And, as 'twas thought, did only ſtay
To bare *Tom Flavel* company.

He made his Will, and all his Lands
By Teſtament were mine to ſpend,
And ſoon had come into my Hands,
If death, like him, had been my Friend.

But, curſe upon it, unawares
That Wicked Rogue *Tom Flavel* dy'd,
At which my Friend *John Clement* ſwears
The Raſcal did it out of Pride.

With that he bid 'em fill his Grave,
And (truly) ſwore he would not dye,
Since the unlucky peeviſh Slave
Had ſlighted thus his Company.

So I, who half an hour ago
Built lofty Caſtles in the Air,
Did to my ſorrow quickly know,
I was an Heir, not worth a Hair.

Heredem ſcripſit me Numa convaluit.

A Song.

REstore my wounded Heart, Dear Love,
And let thy conquering Eyes
Thy hard'ned Heart with pitty move
Towards a sacrifice,
Who prostrate lyes,
Your shade with reverence to Idolatrize.

Let not those powerful *Siren* Charms
Which do my Heart delay,
Take me and Lull me in their Arms
With an intent to slay,
Or only to betray,
That you by this the Prize may bear away.

But if the cruel Fates decree
That Love must end in Death,
I'le scorn, my cruel Destiny,
And will resign my Breath,
Grasping the clammy Earth,
Cursing my Fate, my Fortune, and my Birth.

To Venus.

VEnus, I oft have heard thy Name,
Ador'd thy God-head, felt thy Flame;

And

And oft invok'd thy Power, to find
Some mercy in a Female mind.
And *Cupid*, I to thee did pay
My faithful Oriſons each day;
And thou ſo well perform'dſt thy Part,
I reign'd o're many a Virgins Heart.
But now I 've other work to do,
Faith thou muſt Court thy Mother too.
Nay, many ſuch a trick is done,
A Mother cheated by her Son.
And thou, my pritty courtly Lad,
Of me ſhall find a loving Dad.
No clam'rous *Mars* ſhall make thee fear,
Nor *Vulcans* Horns become a jear,
Nor yet his Net, which did proclaim
To all the Gods thy Mothers ſhame;
Tell her I'm active, young, and free,
And that, I'm ſure, thon know'ſt I be;
A Lover too, thou oft did'ſt prove
The mighty force I had in Love.
Nor can my Parts, ſo well inclin'd,
Fail for to pleaſe thy Mothers mind;
Nor will this Match be a diſgrace,
Since I ſupply *Anchiſes* place,
Or young *Adonis*, who did move
Thy Beauteous Mother once to love;
Nor can'ſt thou this my paſſion blame,
That art the Author of my Flame.
Conſider then the wound you gave,
Whoſe Power alone has ſtrength to ſave;

And let thy never-erring Dart
Reign Monarch of thy Mothers Heart;
Leaſt from my Arms her ſelf ſhe ſhroud,
And I embrace *Ixion's* Cloud,
And courting of the Subſtance, may
With empty Shaddows only play,
Which ne're can quench my ardent Flame,
That's as Immortal as her Name.

To Veſper.

SWeet *Veſper* bring the Night,
Why doſt thou thus delay,
To rob me of delight,?
Too long has been thy ſtay,
Make haſt away,
And check the laſie Dawning of the day.

And *Phœbus* tell from me,
That he his Raies lay by,
Nor ſo diſcourteous be
As once to mount the Skie,
Or once came nigh
With one ſmall Beam, to wake my Love and I.

Shou'd he ſcorn my deſire,
I'd ſend his Baſtard Son
To ſet the Heavens on fire,
And he agen ſhou'd run
Without the Sun,
And grieve for what his folly ſhall have done.

How ſoon the Sun makes haſt
Unto his *Thetis* Bed,
Longing to be embrac'd,
And coole his radiant Head,
Which now looks red:
Such longing hopes hath Lovers ever fed.

How ſoon my Prayer is heard,
Cynthia's bright Horns appear:
No, 'tis my Love prepar'd
Her Lover for to cheer;
In all her Sphere
Her borrow'd Luſter never ſhines ſo clear.

E *Libro quarto Horatii Carmin.* Ode 7.

THe Snow's diſſolv'd, the graſſie Fields grow (green,
And bald-pate Trees with dangling Locks are ſeen.
Earths

Earths courſe is chang'd, and Rivers by the Sun
Exhal'd, with pregnant Floods their Banks o're-
(run.
The Graces and the Nymphs their Steps advance,
And, being diſrob'd, do lead a Country Dance.
Times Mutability doth make appear,
That nought is permanent beneath the Sphere.
Mild *Zeph'rus* chides the Cold, the Heat doth
(blaſt
The flowry Spring, and then poſts on as faſt.
Next fruitful *Autumn* comes upon the Stage;
Then lazy Winter, like decrepid Age,
And yet the Moon, which ſhady Night adorns,
With waxing Light repairs his waining Horns.
But when we to the lower Shades repair,
Where *Æneas*, *Tullus*, and *Ancus* are,
We inſtantly to Duſt and Aſhes turn,
No more return, but reſt us in our Urn.
Who knows whether the Gods above will caſt
One day, to add to what's already paſt?
Nor ſhall thy greedy Heir for ever find
What thou beſtoweſt with a lib'ral mind.
When thou art dead, and *Minos* ſhall of thee
Give Judgment, according to equity,
Torquatus, not thy Stock nor Eloquence,
Nor yet thy Piety, ſhall fetch thee thence:
For, neither from the ſtreams of *Cocytus*
Cou'd *Dian* bring her Chaſt *Hyppolitus*,
Nor yet the friendly *Theſeus* e're retake
Perithous from the *Lethean* Lake.

A Song.

FAir *Clelia*, didſt thou know
How great a ſorrow in my Breaſt does flow,
Thou couldſt not be
Cruel to me,
Nor think it any gain
To mock my Sorrow, and deride my Pain.

Far be it yet from me
To hope for Life that is diſdain'd by thee;
For if I thought
There might be ought
In me, that thou doſt hate,
I'd Court my Ruin, and I'd hug my Fate.

But if thou doſt deſire
T' augment my grief, and ſo increaſe my Fire,
Let me but know
Thy pleaſure's ſo;
For I am ſo much thine,
As ne're to ſpeak, exclaim, or once repine.

An Abcdary.

A ſure Foundation makes a Building ſtand,
B ut he's a Fool that builds upon the Sand.
C onſider Vertue in her glorious form,
D oth Youth in all her Ornaments adorn.
E xtol her Beauty, Court her Princely Eye,
F or with her Wings ſhe'll raiſe thee to the Sky.
G et but a place within her Breaſt, and know
H ow mean thy thoughts were when thou wert (below.
I f thou doſt once obſerve the Path ſhe treads,
K eep cloſe, tho' over Rocks and Hills ſhe leads:
L et not the error of the way deceive, (ceive.
M ark well her courſe, and thou'lt ſome tract per-
N othing ſo hard but Induſtry will gain,
O btain her once, thou'lt find her worth thy pain.
P erchance thou'lt ſay, Vice leads a ſmoother
Q ueſtion not ſo, leſt thou thy ſelf betray. (way.
R ewards are virtues due, but pains confound,
S uch vagrant Fools, with a ne're dying wound.
T urn then, and take that path that's ſo ſevere,
U nto Eternal Joy that Courſe will ſteer;
W hen thoſe who court a ſmoother path, may go
X times more quick, yet to their overthrow.
Y outh, Beauty, Strength, do often ill adviſe,
Z eal only with a Crown adorns the Wiſe.

A Deserted Lover.

AH, lovely Fair! can you so cruel be,
To scorn my Vows, yet never pity me?
Can you prove false, who once I did adore?
Pity a Youth that never lov'd before.
How wav'ring like the Wind? What subtle dart
Had you at first to penetrate my Heart,
Obdure as Steel, which ne're no torture found,
Or ever knew for to receive a Wound;
Till in your Eyes, the little twinkling Boy
Taught me at first how to begin to toy?
He taught me Love, whose active Fire first grew,
And more increast, the more I look'd on you:
Yet you more Cruel than the Tygers Rage,
Relying on your Beauty, Wealth and Age,
Disdain what you before did seem to prize,
And blast my Lawrel with your lightning Eyes.
Thus to the World your Cruelty is known,
And after Ages shall repeat my moan.
Perfidious Maid, your hatred makes me bow,
And Curse the rashness of my idle Vow.
And since it is alone for you I dye,
'Twill change your Honour into Infamy.

A

A Song.

VEnus of Souls,
Whose Hand controls
The greatest Monarchs breast;
Under whose Shade
All Beauty's laid,
Where every one would rest:

Were I to chuse,
I'd not refuse,
But in thy very Heart
My mind should rest,
And in thy breast
I'd Reign by Love, not Art;

VVhere I would be
For ever free,
Till I could satisfie
My curious mind,
That's so confin'd,
And in that Instant dye.

To one that disſwaded him from the Love of Clelia.

GO, dull Mechanick! whoſe Invective Pride
Dares the Epitome of love deride;
Go to black *Acheron*, there tell thy deeds
To the dull VVinds, which on the Vallies feeds;
And let thy poys'nous Breath extol the Fame
Of ſome old VVitch, or Hagg, or canting Dame.
Croak Carrols to the Toad or hiſſing Snake,
And breathe thy Venom o're the Stygean Lake.
And for to pleaſe thy fancy, may'ſt thou be
Inchanted with thy VVifes deformity.
O Divine *Clelia*! can the Gods connive
At Blaſphemy, and let the Slave ſurvive?
If you thus deal with ſuch unequal odds,
I'll ſcorn to worſhip ſuch *Plebeian* Gods.
There's not an Air, a Whiſper, or a Breath
Proceeds from her, but triumphs over Death.
The bluſhing Sky grows pale, if ſhe but frowns,
And the ſhrill Orbs leave their harmonious ſounds.
Prometheus from her Beauty ſtole that Fire,
With which he did his new form'd Man inſpire.
Her Breath the *Zeph'rus* is that chears the Earth,
Thoſe ſweet Perfumes that give the *Phœnix* birth.
Her

Her Eyes, Mouth, Noſe, and Cheeks, Waſte,
(Thighs and Feet,
Are quite beyond Compariſon compleat.
Go then, grim Cur, repent what thou haſt done,
And leave to bark at ſuch a glorious Sun.
My *Clelia* is ſo fair, and free from harms,
Such Innocence in her all-conquering Charms,
That ſhou'd the admiring World but chance to pry
Into thoſe hidden Glories of her Eye,
They'd ne're adore another Deity.

To Clelia.

Shall ſtill my ſuit prove void, then bid me die,
I onely hope in vain, tell me, ſhall I
Enjoy that very word torments my Soul;
Your Eyes do promiſe what you will Controul.
Beauty 's too great to be a Tyrant there,
I harbour nothing now but ſad deſpair,
Adore ing you, my hopes are nought but Air.

Epigr. 72. *lib.* 6. *Martial.*

Cilex, a Thief, much noted for his Crime,
Did on a time, into a Garden Climb:
But in that ſpacious Garden looking round,
Nought but the God *Priapus* could be found;

Unwilling then empty to go, or ſtay,
He took *Priapus* up, and went away.

Rare Guardian Gods! *Rome* cou'd not chuſe but fall,
When ſuch baſe Gods did keep her Capitol.
Romans their Gods, not Gods did *Rome* defend,
Their Empire elſe had ſooner had an end:
For who relies on ſuch *Egyptian* Bands,
Shall find, like Reeds, they'l run into their Hands.

A Song.

SO ſtrange a Diſtemper I ne're yet did know,
'Tis too ſtrong to be call'd an Impotent Foe;
'Tis too weak to ſurpriſe and conquer my Breaſt,
Yet with ſundry Alarms it oft does infeſt;
It roars and it rages, and makes ſuch a do,
That though 'tis a Slave, 'twou'd be Conquerour too.

With a Courage more ſtout than *Achilles* ſlew *Hector*,
I ſwore, that no Paſſion ſhou'd be my Director;
Diſdaining thoſe Bonds that the *Predicants* wear,
My Soul is a Monarch as free as the Air.
When ſuch puling Paſſions my Fancy diſcovers,
Like Phyſitians, I gain by the Sickneſs of others.

If Nature would ſhew me a Creature Divine,
I'd ſmile in her Face, and I'd ſwear ſhe was mine:
I'd urge her with Pleaſures, my glory ſhou'd move
Ten Millions of *Cupids* to inforce her to love.
I'd ſpare not one Kiſs for the wealth of a Mine;
'Tis death for a Lord, if he touch but her Shrine.

Such Affection I bear to the Creature I love:
But if ſhe were Heireſs to thundering *Jove*,
And full of diſdain, I defie all her Charms,
As Heat repels Heat, and Arms repels Arms.
And rather then bear their ſcorn and their ſlight,
I'le worſhip the Owl, the Queen of the Night.

Eurialus, Herſilia, Dares.

Eur. BEautious *Herſilia*, thoſe that rule above,
In you have plac'd ſo much Divinity,
That I am compell'd to tell you that I love,
And in thoſe ſcorching Flames, alas! I fry.

O do not frown, nor yet divert your Eyes,
But let one loving glance prolong my end.
What Glory is it for you to defie
Your Slave, that you are bound for to defend?

Herſ.

(thy love,
Herf. If Heaven in me had plac'd ought wor-
I ſhou'd have lik'd this Honour done by you;
But ſince 'tis only Fancy that does move,
'Twere baſe in me, to take what's not my due.

Or if I wou'd, I cannot eaſe you now;
Your fond deſires you never can attain:
Think you a Votreſs will reject her Vow?
One of the Quiver-bearing Goddeſs Train?

Beſides you may as well go Court a Saint
To leave her Heaven, and viſit Earth agen,
As ever hope to move me by your 'plaint,
To taſte the ſorrows that attend on Men.

(chuſe
Dar. Here comes the mighty *Dares*, Madam,
The ſolid Oak, or elſe this ſlender Reed,
Which if I touch, I inſtantly ſhou'd bruiſe;
Yet ſuch an Act would make my Honour bleed.

I love, and will enjoy; nay, be not Coy;
Were mighty *Turnus*, or *Æneas* here,
I'd not defer one moment to enjoy.
A noble courage ſcorns to ſtoop to fear.

Thou art mine by Heaven, and were the Gods
As not to aid me, if I ſhould deſire; (unkind,
I'd ſearch their Palaces, and there I'd find
A ſubtler Flame than was *Promethens* Fire.

VVith

With this I'd gain thy Love, or elſe compel
Thy ſtubborn Fancy to obey my will;
Nay, more, I'd ranſack the abiſs of Hell; (fil.
The *Stygian* Prince ſhou'd my Commands full-
(that I

Herſ. Though you're ſo proud to menace, know
Do neither fear, nor yet reſpect your force;
My Virgin honour's able to defie
The furious Current of your mighty Courſe.

If Heaven and Earth were all at thy Command,
And I alone thy Bondage did deny,
My Chaſtity is able to withſtand
The Rage of thy audacious Tyranny.

Beſides, the Gods, (who thy malicious Tongue
Has glory'd in upbraiding thus)
Would with a Thunder-bolt prevent the wrong,
And ſend thee headlong into *Erebus*.

Chorus.

So have I ſeen a lofty Cedar ſtand
Amidſt a Cops of Shrubs and ragged Trees:
Her lofty Top did wave, when gently fann'd
And Courted by *Favonius* milder breeze.

But when in Storms the angry North did frown,
Threat'ning the ruin of her lofty Pride,
She ſcorn'd to veil unto the angry Clown,
Her ſollid ſtrength did all her force deride.

An

An Acroſtick on Madam Ann Tirrell.

A dmir'd Beauty, whoſe victorious Eyes
N e're wants a Heavenly Vertue to ſurpriſe.
N ature in you alone may boaſt what-e're

T o *Grecian Hellen* was accounted fair.
I you, as *Perſians* do adore the Sun,
R evived *Phœnix*, that art ſtill but one.
R oſes and Lillies are too mean a Grace,
E therial Beauty Crowns your Heavenly Face;
L aſting as Fame, ſtill may your Honour be,
L ike verdant Lawrel, ſtill from Envy free.

Admit my Fancy be too high, or low,
Regent of Hearts, know you have made it ſo.

On Clelia's *ſevere Command.*

TO thee, O Wood, I make my moan,
And ſing the Accents of my groan,
Which elſe I durſt intruſt to none.

For ſince that ſhe who I adore
Has gave Command, that I no more
Shou'd blaze her Fame, as heretofore,

Si-

Silence it ſelf ſhall louder be
Than any voice which comes from me,
Where any Auditor ſhall be.

Yet every whiſt'ling Wind ſhall bear
My ſad Complaint unto her Ear,
That her Commands were too ſevere.

And on each Tree I'll carve her Fame,
Which ſtill ſhall flouriſh by the ſame.
Th' Immortal Grove ſhall be its Name.

In which each chirping Bird ſhall raiſe
Encomiums on my *Clelia*'s praiſe,
Whilſt I in ſorrow ſpend my Days.

I'l ſearch the *Ætnean* Caverns, where
The fiery *Sallamanders* are,
To me thoſe Flames cannot compare.

Though *Mulciber* does there diſplay
His flaming Enſignes Night and Day;
In time thoſe Flames may yet decay.

But mine's Eternal, and will ſtay,
The ſubſtance ne're conſumes away,
The more it burns, the more it may.

They are no Lovers that can tell
What caus'd, how ſtrong they love, how well;
Love does *ad Infinitum* dwell.

I live on air of endleſs love,
And as a ſhadow only move,
By that which does the ſubſtance prove.

I'le ſearch where the *Chamelions* are,
And unto them I will declare,
That Love's as bad a Food as Air.

Nay, worſe, for though their Food's but Breath,
Air is their Life, Love is my Death,
Hunger more Comfort wou'd bequeath.

But now I nearer come, I ſee
There can but little difference be,
I am a Shadow, ſo is he.

I'le dig the Earth, that I may know
What Nature has deny'd to ſhow,
To Moles that in her Bowels grow.

And there I'le whiſper *Clelia*'s Name,
That Mines and Stones may hear the fame,
And tell from whence their knowledge came.

But now I nearer come, I find
That Moles and I are nigh of Kind;
For they as well as Love are blind.

For what they dig they do not know,
And labouring pain do undergo;
I love, my caſe is even ſo. Their

Their pain is pleaſure, ſo is mine;
Bur here we differ, mine's Divine;
Their aim is Earth, mine too ſublime.

I'le dive into the Watery-deep,
And ſee the Bodies that do ſleep,
For whom the Waves themſelves do weep.

And there together with the throng
Of num'rous Fiſh I'll ſwim along,
Who are like me depriv'd of Tongue.

Yet cou'd I like *Arion* play,
I'd make thoſe Mutes ſtand at a bay,
Whilſt I my *Clelia*'s praiſe diſplay.

That ſo, when ever I ſhou'd dye,
Each Element might then ſupply
The praiſes of her memory.

A Song.

THE Fetters of Love are far ſtronger than (hate,
Faſt binding the Captive, by that they call (Fate,
Inſlaving the Senſes, and dulling the Brain,
For a thing of no moment, ſcarce worth a name,
A delight that does cloy, as ſoon as enjoy'd,
And a Fancy obtain'd we after avoid.
The pleaſures are paſt ſoon as ever they come,
And gallop away as the Deel upon *Dun*.

A Complaint againſt Cupid, *for cauſing a diſtaſtful Love.*

FArewell, my ſcornfull Female Saint,
In vain you boaſt your conq'ring Eyes,
Whilſt your deportment does depaint
A Tygreſs o're a Sacrifice.

Deſiſt, for by the Powers above,
And by the Oath they uſe to ſwear,
My anger's greater than my Love,
And your diſdain I ſcorn to bear.

For your baſe pride you hold ſo high,
Will at the laſt your ſelf anoy,
Like to the Cockatrices Eye,
Whoſe ſelf-reflection doth deſtroy.

Know then, that I am no ſuch Fool,
To doat on your Complexion;
My Paſſion is become too cool
For ſuch a weak Infection.

Thoſe am'rous glances which I paid
To thoſe diſdainful looks of thine,
Are now aſham'd that e're they made
An Idol to adorn thy Shrine.

Cupid

Cupid, henceforth I vow deſpite
Againſt thy Quiver and thy Bow,
Did I plead Nonage in thy ſight,
Fond Boy, that thou ſhouldſt uſe me ſo?

I was not born of *Stygian* race,
Againſt the Gods I ne're made War,
Nor did thy Temples e're deface,
Or blemiſh'd *Venus* with a Scar.

It was not I that took the pains
Her ſecret Love for to diſcover,
And bound her in *Cyclopean* Chains,
Careſſing her Licentious Lover.

How came it then that thou ſhould'ſt make
So ſtrange a love my Heart to ſeize,
And give new vigor to the Snake
Which was before content to freeze?

Didſt thou at random ſhoot a Dart,
Directed by no certain flight,
To ſee if thou couldſt hit a Heart
Which did thy Childiſh Godhead ſlight?

Or art thou like ſome Idle Lad,
Whom no delight can e're content,
But in a humour raging mad,
Throws ſtones into the Element?

If ſo, a Rod is fitter far
For to correct thy Childiſh will,
And thouſand petty Gods there are
Can draw thy Bow, yet never kill.

But I Blaſpheme, great God of Hearts,
Thou did'ſt this thing, that thou mightſt try
With what a ſtrength thy powerful Darts
Force Love againſt Antipathy.

On his viewing a Fragment of the Old James.

THis piece of Wood, which now doth lye
Neglected by each paſſer by,
Not for ſo baſe a uſe deſign'd,
Did once deſpiſe the Waves and Wind.
This was a Member of that Frame
That once did bear great *James*'s his Name;
Within whoſe bulk there did embark
More Souls than Creatures in the Ark;
And unto cruel Death did drive
Far more than *Noah* ſav'd alive.
His wide-mouth'd Cannon oft did make
The Watery Region to quake;
And frighted *Neptune* from his Seat,
Whilſt his ſhrill *Tryton* blew Retreat.
The *quondam* rageing Waves did fly,
And left the Neighbouring Ocean dry.

Hi

His Warlike ſides with fire and ſmoke
Did oft the drunken *Dutch* provoke;
And made the modiſh *French* to find
The difference 'twixt Smoak and Wind.
Yet now, in midſt of all his State,
His Glory he reſigns to Fate;
Like *Hercules*, (though *Jove* his Sire)
Yields to conſuming Flames of Fire.
This makes the *Engliſh* Proverb ſound,
Who's born to hang, ſhall ne're be drown'd.
For whom the Waves cou'd never tire,
Lies here at laſt, conſum'd by Fire.

An Anagram on His Highneſs Jame's *Duke of* York *and* Albany.

JAMES STUART.

Anagram.

A JUST MASTER.

Epigram.

I'LL boldly on, not fearing a diſaſter,
If Life or Death can ſerve ſo *Juſt a Maſter:*

Suſana Witherell.

Anagram.

U are all Whitneſs.

Epigram.

SUch great Perfection reigns through all your (Soul,
You are all Whiteneſs, not one part is foul.

Another.

You are all Whiteneſs, rare perfection; hence
Your very Name creates a Quinteſence.

An Acroſtick.

S o Sweet, ſo Good, ſo Vertuous, and ſo Fair!
U nited Forces ſtill moſt pow'rful are.
S uch conqu'ring Charms do in your Eyes appear,
A s gives new Luſter to the Hemeſphere;
N ature in you perform'd her utmoſt skill,
A llowing priveledge to ſave or kill;

W ho can reſiſt the Dictates of your will?

Interiour

Interiour motions from your Beauty riſe,
Teaching me love, which you alone deſpiſe;
How can you be ſo cruel for to ſlay
Each minute, that which doth your will obey?
Reprieve's in vain, when Death hath ſeal'd the Fate,
Ever be cruel, pity'll come to late.
Like *Niobe* I'le mourn, and my laſt breath,
Like Swans, ſhall ſing the Omen of my Death.

A Song to Lucifer.

WHy doſt thou thus delay,
O *Lucifer*, to uſher in the day?
Sluggard, I know thy fear;
Thou know'ſt my *Clelia* will then appear,
Whoſe bleſt and heavenly ſight
VVill doom thy Light unto Eternal Night.

Nor ſhall we need the Sun,
Bid him unto the lower VVorld return,
And with his Beams of light
Expel from the Abyſs the Queen of Night;
For from my *Clelias* Eyes
Proceed ſuch Rayes as doth all Light ſurprize.

Nor ſhall we need the Powers
Of Moon, or Stars, or Hail, or Snow, or Showers;
For whilſt on Earth ſhe ſtays,
With her more glorious and refulgent Rayes,
Proceeding from her Eyes,
Gives Birth to all, and Natures courſe ſupplies.

But when ſhe pleaſe to fly
From Earth to Heaven, and be enthron'd on high,
And there look down on Men,
The Golden Age ſhall Viſit Earth agen;
And all the World ſhall be
Bleſt with its Primitive Fecundity.

To the King's moſt Excellent Majeſty.

OF mighty *Jove* I lately ask't a Boon,
Which, like a God, he granted me as ſoon
As I cou'd ask; and gave me this Command,
Go, and receive it at thy Princes Hand,
Great *Charles*, to whom the World ſhall Homage (pay,
The *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Spaniards* all obey;
Whoſe mighty Fleets ſhall from the *Indies* bring
Spice, Pearls, and Gold, as Preſents to the King.
Thou need'ſt not doubt, thy wants he'll ſoon
From his ſo unexhauſted Treaſury. (ſupply,

No

No more he ſaid, the God I ſtraight ador'd,
With Hecatombs of Thanks his Altar ſtor'd;
And big with expectation to receive
The promis'd Gift, I thought my King wou'd (give.
Some Days, ſome Weeks, ſome Months I ſpent in vain,
Each moment full of hopes of promis'd gain;
And ſtill my want increas'd. I therefore then
Swore ne're to truſt a Heathen God agen,
But to my Soveraign my wants declare,
Whoſe Clemency ſhall ſuit unto my Prayer.
Thus ſhall th' admiring World perceive the odds
Between our Chriſtian Kings, and Heathen Gods.

A Song.

FRom *Salamis* when *Teucer* fled,
And left his Country, then
With Poplar Boughs he Crown'd his Head,
And all his Warlike Men;

And with a Bowl of fragrant Wine
With *Bacchus* did careſs,
Drowning their Souls in Muſcadine,
Joy'd with ſuch happineſs.

So let us like Immortal Souls
Our life in pleaſure ſpend,
Quaffing our time in luſty Bowls,
Which never ſhall have end.

Thus ſhall we make the Powers above
To envy our delight,
And *Cupid*, Prince and God of Love,
To Revel all the Night.

Thus ſhall we make the Gods deſpiſe
The ſweet and pleaſant taſte
Of *Nectar*, which they once did prize,
Drank by Immortal Race.

Thus each of us ſhall be a Star,
And with the Gods combine
In their Divinity to ſhare,
As they ſhall in our Wine.

Frange toros, Pete vina, roſas cape, tingere nardo.

Dido's *Expoſtulation.*

THey ſay, that Souls departed, firſt muſt run
To *Styx*, and ſo unto *Elizium.*
They tell me wonders, and they likewiſe ſhow
Th' Immortal Pleaſures of the Shades below.

I dare not truſt loud Fame, but, if I might,
My wandring Soul ſhould paſs to *Styx* this Night.
Fond Heart, ne're fear, undoubtedly 'tis ſo,
Be reſolute, for thou mayſt ſafely go.
Well, I'm reſolv'd, and if that Fame doth lie,
Let Fortune do her worſt, I can but dye.
And now this Sword ſhall paſs into my veins
And eaſe my Heart of all my cruel pains;
My vital Spirits faint, I come, I come,
To my ſweet reſt, even to *Elizium*.

Dido *and* Charon.

Did. A Boat, a Boat. *Ch.* Who calls? *Did.* (*Charon*, 'tis I,
A Soul drove by Immenſe extremity
To leave the furious Earth, and now am come
To thee, to row me to *Elizium*.
Ch. What is thy Name? *Did. Dido*, who juſt (now ſway'd
Thy Scepter, *Carthage*, who great Kings obey'd.
Ch. What brought thee hither? freely now re- (late
The real cauſe of this thy ſudden Fate.
Did. Make no delay, ſweet *Charon*, pitty me,
Involv'd by Fate in this Calamity.
Ch. Thou canſt not paſs, 'tis vain for thee to (ſtrive,
The Gods command, and I cannot connive.
Did. O Cruelty! then muſt I tell the cauſe?
I have tranſgreſs'd the great Commands and Laws

Of

Of the juſt Gods, thus to anticipate
The deſperate force of my too rigid Fate.
Ch. What was the motive? *Did.* Love. *Ch.* The
(Gods forbid.
Wou'd ſuch a thing from Mortal Race were hid?
O 'twas not Love, but Glory and Revenge,
And had not Fate commanded ſuch to range
A hundred years on this ſide *Styx*, my Boat
Ere now had been as tatter'd as my Coat.
Did. Charon. Ch. I cannot ſtay, but muſt be
(gone,
And leave thee here moſt ſadly to bemoan
Thy deſp'rate folly, with thoſe Shades that fly
Like num'rous Troops of Atoms in the Skie.
Did. But where is then *Sicheus*? *Ch.* Piſh, he's
(free
From all thoſe troubles that attend on thee;
He's in *Elizium. Did.* What can he reſt,
When I with ſorrow am ſo much oppreſt?
Let not the burden of my grief exceed.
Ch. This is enough to make the Rocks to bleed,
And Gods relent. *Did.* My very Soul doth ſwell,
My Heart doth burn worſe than the Flames of
(Hell;
My Princely Power is gone, where's Honours now,
Thoſe regal Titles that did crown my Brow?
Ch. Honour! there's no ſuch thing, the meaneſt
Is equal to a Queen when in the Grave. (Slave
Here's no diſtinction, Kings and Princes all
Muſt bear that equal Sentence that ſhall fall
Upon

Upon them, for their bad or good intent,
Firmly enacted by Heavens Parliament.

Sub tua purpurei venient veſtigia Reges
Depoſito luxu: turbaq; cum paupere mixti
Omnia mors equat, &c.

AN envious, angry, ſluggiſh, drunken Lover,
His Paſſion, and his Vice at once diſcover;
A vicious Paſſion quickly will diſcover
An envious, angry, ſluggiſh, drunken Lover;
A ſluggiſh drunken Lover in a trice
Diſcovers both his Paſſion and his Vice;
His anger and his envy quickly be
Diſclos'd by Wine, *In Wine is Verity.*
Deſire of ſloath, and luſt of Wine may prove
An Antidote againſt the power of Love;
Anger and Envy, in one Breaſt confin'd,
Love ne're will ſtumble at, though Love is blind.
Who e're to Wrath or Envy will give place,
May he ne're meet with any chaſt Embrace.
Thoſe that to Sloath and Wine addicted be,
May live with *Epicurus*, not with me.

The Confidence of a Juſt Man.

NO Salvage Tyranny, no deſp'rate War,
No cruel Fortune, nor unlucky Jar,

No

No trembling Earthquake, nor the Potent Hand
Of thund'ring *Jupiter*, whoſe high command
Doth claim obedience, no, not if the frame
Of Nature were involved in the ſame,
And the whole Fabrick by diſorder brought,
Shou'd be converted ſuddenly to nought;
Like hopeleſs Wretches, it cou'd never fright
My Heart, and make me tremble at the ſight;
Nor cou'd it ſhake the Caſtle of my Soul,
That's fortifi'd beyond ſuch weak control.
My Valiant Heart ne're fears the ſcorching Sun,
Nor the ſtrange Operations of the Moon;
No Comet hath the power to make me fear,
Not though his Beard portend a Famine neer,
Or Peſtilence, or Sword, or what is worſe,
All Heavenly Influence turn'd into a Curſe.
For what are theſe, but ſecondary things,
And in the Hands of the great King of Kings,
VVho can diſpoſe of us, and all of theſe,
Not as we wou'd, but as himſelf does pleaſe?

Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

On the Death of Mr. William Goffe, *late Gallant to the Lady* Willoughby Yeomans, *kill'd by* Richard Love.

HOw, *Goffe* forſook her! 'tis as true as may be,
He has took diſtaſt, and ſo has left my Lady.
This ſhould not be, for Ladys have ſuch Art,
VVhen they have got poſſeſſion of a Heart,
They know their forces, and with cunning ſway,
No Heart can mutiny or diſobey.
Some ſay he's dead. This then will end the ſtrife,
Death robb'd my Lady, as ſhe robb'd his VVife.
By what rude Hand was it that he did fall?
By *Love*. O mighty Love, thou conquer'ſt all!
Haſt thou again miſtook? has Death and thee
Been converſant and chang'd Artillery?
Reclaim thy Errour, ſee what thou haſt done,
Give Death his Arrows, and take thou thy own.
Ah Madam, now where were thoſe powerful (Charms
That ſhould have kept your Lover in your Arms?
Come tell me, *Venus*, is not Love your Son,
The ſame with *Cupid*? Then what has he done?
O he has ſlain thy *Mars*, and Arms put on
VVould fright *Achilles* and his Myrmodons;

But

But yet methinks your Lover ſhould not dye,
Death ſure cannot reſiſt a Ladies Eye.
Go touch his liveleſs Corps, and when that's done,
The Tyrant needs muſt give you what's your (own
But that Dame * *Baucis* will put in a Plea, *Mr. Goff's Wife.
E'ne take him Death, for he belongs to me:
Unleſs to ſhare him, you have got the Art,
Half for my Lady, Death take *Baucis* part;
As the Twin Stars by turn ſhine in the Skie,
One day he ſhall ſurvive, the next day dye.
But we have found a better way then this,
Madam, my Lady, or what elſe you pleaſe,
Shall put on all her Ornaments and Geer,
Step down to Hell, and find her Lover there;
There intercede with *Proſerpine* the Queen,
And if ſhe can but him from thence redeem,
She ſhall in partnerſhip no longer be,
But by this means gain the Monopoly.
Now *Orpheus* for a Women once did ſo,
She for a Man, will make it *quid* for *quo*.
But here perchance you'l ſay, 'tis baſely done,
Thus to inſult upon a Ladies wrong.
Which I'le deny, for many in your ſight,
Do think far worſe than I intend to Write;
And though they do not ſpeak, their thoughts (are free:
A ſecret's worſe than open Enemy:
But I am neither. Deaths ſeverer Brow,
Preſents his Image, that I write of now,

And

And to my thoughts moſt ſadly does diſcover
The grief that you conceive for ſuch a Lover.
But this does moſt of all my paſſion move,
That he who liv'd by Love, ſhou'd dye by *Love*.
But I have done, leſt this ſhou'd give offence,
My *Ne plus ultra* makes a recompence.

A Lovers Complaint.

AH fainting Breath, there's nought can yield (relief
Unto a wounded Soul, whoſe murm'ring grief
Loves no delay, but like the riſing Sun,
Still perſeveres until his courſe is done.
What ſhall I ſpeak? or what can I deviſe?
I'le rather dye, than once Apoſtatize.
Nor ſhall my panting Breath your ſhade defame,
I'll honour you, and Idolize your Name;
And though at laſt you ſcorn me till I dye,
I needs muſt love you to Eternity.

Love in Ambiguity.

WHy ſhou'd I urge my Love, ſince that I (know
Her Merit's great, and my Deſert's as low?
My thought's as high as his who did aſpire
To climb the Charriot of *Etherial* Fire;

And

And raſhly periſh'd, ſuch has my fault been,
His was the King of Light, and mine the Queen.
I fondly thought, *Prometheus*-like, to ſteal
The heavenly Flame her Beauty does conceal;
And for my Error feel the raging ſmart,
Which Vulture-like does feed upon my Heart.
Pardon my raſhneſs, mighty Queen of Hearts,
And thou great God of Love, whoſe peircing darts
No *Medium* knows, but either help or kill,
Muſt I the Number of thy Victims fill?
O play not with my Heart, as Children do
With ſome poor Bird, which while they love, they
One over-weening graſp of life bereaves, (ſhew.
And in a moment all the joy deceives.
But why do I thus deprecate in vain,
Hoping for what I never can obtain?
Alas! unworthy Wretch, too great a fire
Has on a ſudden kindled thy deſire
Beyond thy Fortune; as ſome Country Wight,
Who never knew the Wars, or how to fight,
Talks Big or Stoutly, and reſolves to try
His ne're-prov'd Courage on the Enemy;
But when he ſees the adverſe Hoſt draw nigh,
And now or never all his Manhood try,
He throws his Arms away, reſolves to yield,
And like a Vaſſal quits the ne're-fought Field;
Juſt ſo did I, my actions, thoughts, and all,
Let all objections in a moment fall;

Until

Untill your Heavenly Beauty I did ſee,
Alas! too ſtrong an Enemy for me.
At the firſt ſight I yielded Heart and Will,
Lady, to be at you Devotionr ſtill.
Among the many Trophies then that wait
Upon your Beauty, let it be my Fate,
Or rather Fortune, ſince it cannot be
Counted a Bondage, where the Body's free.
But why the Body? Body, Heart, and Mind,
Unto your Beauty are alike confin'd,
Are either fix'd, or move by your direction;
Yet proud, in being Vaſſals to Perfection.

Eccho to the Painter, out of Auſonius.

ALas! fond Painter, why doſt ſtrive to grace
An unknown Goddeſs with a fancy'd Face?
I am the Daughter of the Tongue, and Wind,
An empty Mother, Voice without a Mind.
I dying ſounds fetch back with living tone,
And others mock with Words that are my own.
I in thy Ears my Habitation found,
And if thou mean'ſt to paint me, paint a Sound.

A Dialogue between an Æthiopian, *and a White* Virgin.

Vir. AFfright me not, you urge your ſuit in vain;
More Fear than Love your Helliſh looks have bred.
Eternal terror ſeize you for your pain;
Think you I'll take a Devil to my Bed?

Go Court the Darkneſs, Wed thy ſelf to Night;
Fry in your Sands, and ſearch for grains of Gold;
O Sun, how canſt thou thus behold a ſight
That will thy glorious beams in darkneſs fold!

Sure thou art *Pluto*, ugly infernal Prince,
Be gone, I ſay, be gone to the Divine
And Beautious Creature thou didſt raviſh hence,
The lovely, Fair, and Charming *Proſerpine*.

Eth. Whiteſt of Whites, more lovely than the day,
Which from the Eaſt in radiant beams appears,
More lovely to my ſight than *Cynthia*,
Which twice ſix times a year her Beauty clears,

De-

Deſpiſe me not becauſe that I am black;
The Sun you ſpeak of lyes ſo neer our Land,
We have him in our Face, you on your Back;
Nay, ſometimes with him we walk Hand in (Hand.

Since then that he who the whole World ſurveys,
Doth deal his Bleſſings with partiality,
You he does warm, us ſcorcheth with his Rays;
Your Beauty works the like effect on me.

Vir. My Beauty, Slave! ſtop that preſumptious (word;
Shall ſuch a Harpy ever ſpeak my Name?
Does Earth another *Cacus* yet afford?
What was I born to be a ſport to Fame?

Thou art that brand the fatal Siſters threw
Into the Fire at *Meleager*'s Birth,
Which half conſum'd, in haſt *Althæa* drew
Out of the Flame; be gone, thou Son of Earth.

Eth. Alas! too cruel Nymph, deſpiſe me not;
A Slave I am, but unto none but you.
Whiteneſs in you none counteth as a ſpot;
And in our Black lies our chief glory too.

The Day is pleaſant unto every ſight,
And all men praiſe the glory of the Sun;
Yet when 'tis gone, how ſoon they hug the Night,
And ſleeping, in its ſable Boſom run.

'Tis only Fancy moves the Sphere of Love;
No Colour wards, where *Cupid* ſhoots his dart;
Thou God, who all things with thy power doſt (move,
With one ſmall touch O wound this Virgins (Heart;

That ſhe who doth thy Power ſo much deſpiſe,
May quickly by experience learn to know,
Thou only giv'ſt thoſe leave to Tyrannize
That pay ſubmiſſion to thy Conquering Bow.

Obſerve the Rain-bow, view the Colours there,
Looks it not pleaſant unto every Eye?
Diverſity of Colours makes it fair:
Diſcord in Muſick makes an Harmony.
Since then that I am Black, and you are Fair,
What a ſweet Babe may come from ſuch a pair?

An Epitaph.

UPon this Marble Stone forbear to tread,
Or to deface the Relicks of the Dead;

Yet

Yet Read, and so let fall a Tear in Verse,
To pay Devotions to his mourning Herse.
Here's Vertue laid, and Piety lies slain,
Who the three Graces shall revive again:
Those Powers Immortal, who in Heaven do shine
That Trinity, although One God Divine,
Shall raise his Body glorious from the Dust,
Who in his Maker did repose that trust.

The Lovers Jubile.

(made

'TWas Evening when the Suns departure
The open grounds a comfortable shade;
When walking forth to view the fragrant Fields,
The sweet variety that *Flora* yields,
Near to a Myrtle Grove a Cave I spy'd,
By which a pleasant Stream did gently glide:
Amidst the Grove an ancient Altar stands,
Almost defac'd by irreligious hands.
This I repair'd, and said, O Goddess, now,
Who e're thou art, receive my sacred Vow,
And grant my Suit, and let some pity move
In *Clelia's* Heart a more propitious Love.
Off'rings by me shall ever be repaid
Upon this Altar, though by time decay'd,
And Mans ingratitude. Then looking round,
I spy'd an Iv'ry Image on the ground.

Hail Power, said I, what impious hand hath (done
So vile an Act? who wou'd such honour shun?
I washt it in the Stream, and to it said,
Ah beautious Image, fair *Pigmalion* Maid:
Then gazing on it, where a Fillet ty'd
The Ivory Hair, this Motto I espy'd;
In Honour of the mighty Cyprean *Goddess.*
O thou Illustrious Queen of Love, said I,
What Hand cou'd do this great Impiety?
What Impious Creature was it durst prophane
Thy sacred Shrine? O Sin without a Name!
Against a Myrtle by the Altar stood
The Goddess Seat, Arch'd round with Carved (Wood,
There I the Image set, and having laid
My Hand upon the Altar, thus I pray'd.
Great *Paphian* Goddess, *Cytherean* Shrine,
Whose presence, I acknowledge, is Divine.
If to this Grove or Altar I have done
Ought Meritorious, or have favour won,
Let Love to all more mild and gentle be,
And cease to punish Mans Impiety.
A thousand Lovers shall this Grove frequent,
And offer Odours of the purest Incent.
The Shepherds that possess the Vales shall bring
Their Sheep-hooks crown'd to thee an Offering.
The Altar shook, the Myrtles seem'd to move,
Resounding murmuring Notes of happy Love.
Celestial Musick did salute my Ears,
When lo, the God of Love to me appears,

And

And ſays, Young Man, this Bow my hand doth (hold,
Lets fly no Arrow, but the Head is Gold.
Thy Prayer is heard, the Goddeſs is appeas'd,
And every Lover of his pain is eas'd.
No Jealouſie or Fears ſhall now torment
A Lovers Joy, or raviſh his Content.
The faireſt Nymphs, whoſe Beauty wins the Bays,
Shall ſing Encomiums of her Lovers praiſe.
The faireſt Shepherdeſs (for Love hath Charms)
Shall fold a naked Shepherd in her Arms;
Fair *Daphne* playing on a rural Quill,
Both Hills and Dales with *Corydon* ſhall fill,
And *Corydon* ſhall VVoods and Springs poſſeſs
VVith praiſes of his Loving Shepherdeſs.
Loves mutual Sympathy ſhall Crown the Year,
And thou whoſe Heart doth Loves Idea bear,
Shalt in thy *Clelia* find a quick return,
VVho, in thy abſence, flames of Love do burn:
And e're the Sun the Horizon decline,
Her beautious Body ſhall be joyn'd to thine.
This ſaid, he lightly from the Altar Springs,
And Fans the founding Grove with tow'ring wings.
Then on a ſudden, through my ſwelling Veins
Loves paſſion glides, and all my Bones inflames;
And having gain'd the Conqueſt of my Breaſt,
Reigns Monarch there, and ſcorns to be ſuppreſt.
The Goddeſs then adoring, I a way
Eſpy'd, which 'twixt the Shrine and Altar lay:

This path I follow'd, Fortune was my guide,
And led me all along the River ſide,
VVhere Multitude of Lovers did reſort,
Filling the Fields with all delightful ſport.
Some in the ſtream their tender Limbs unite,
Like *Salamacis* and *Hermaphrodite*;
Others upon the ground ſo cloſely lye,
You'd take them for the *Zodiack Geminy*.
One's plaiting Garlands, 'tother's twiſting Boughs,
Commixt with Flowers, to bind her Lovers brows.
One's braiding of the Hair, another tries
VVith pleaſant Songs to cloſe her Lovers Eyes.
This ſeeming coy, a thouſand pretty ways
Her eager Lover to her Arms betrays.
That skill'd in nothing, but pure Innocence,
Thinks to delay her Lover's an offence.
O happy place! ſaid I, and down I lay
Upon a riſing ground that did ſurvey
The poſture of each Lover, when from far
A Lady came, juſt as a riſing Star.
The lighter Veſtments that her parts infold,
VVere Azure Silk, and interweav'd with Gold;
Her Hair was braided, dreſt with Ribbons; ſo
Iris appears, dreſt in her mantling Bow.
A Silver Veil her beauteous Face did ſhade,
So fine, you'd ſay 'twas by *Arachne* made.
The emulous Winds her ſwelling Garments kiſs,
VVhich to my view betray'd a Lovers Bliſs.
I gaz'd, not able to revert my Eyes
From Loves great Charms, and ſacred Novelties:

Thy

Thy Fate, *Acteon*, then I did bemone,
And fear'd it instantly might be my own;
But as she nearer came unto my view,
My doubts were clear'd, and I my *Clelia* knew;
I ran to meet her, when her eager steps
Prevents my speed, and in my Arms she leaps;
Clasping I laid me gently on the ground,
Millions of kisses their successors found.
I ruffled up her Silks which kept the way
Unto the Paradise where *Cupid* lay;
She made resistance, such as might be said,
Thou shalt enjoy, and yet I'le dye a Maid.
Her Eyes declar'd her Pleasure and Content,
And what she did was out of Complement,
What thought can know the Pleasures I enjoy'd?
Immortal Pleasures, never to be cloy'd,
But till in modest terms I can express
My full fruition, you have leave to guess.
We bound our Brows with Myrtle, and return'd
Unto the Grove, and sweetest Odours burn'd;
We deck'd the Shrine with Garlands, and this day
For ever we our Annual Rites will pay;
And unto every Lover this shall be
(Great *Paphian* Queen) a joyful Jubile.

On Love.

LOves Charms all humane force do sway,
And Monarchs do his Power obey.

Nor

Nor is there any can resist,
He makes them Love, and when he list,
No place prescrib'd, now here, now there,
The surest place is any where.

A Song.

COme, let's to the Tavern be gone,
The day does begin to decline,
All the time we do lose
We basely abuse
The longing desire of Wine.

Boy, call up your Ladies of Pleasure,
No Stoick with us shall tarry,
We'll drink all the Night
And take our delight,
Let Sectary Dreamers marry.

Come, fill the Glass full to the Brim,
Though *Jove* our Pleasure oppose,
Our Pallates 'twill please
And expel all Disease,
And increase our frollick Repose.

We laugh at the madness of those
Who heap up a Mass of Treasure,
We hate a base Miser,
But we will be wiser,
And confound all our Riches in Pleasure.

I cannot gueſs but their deſcent
Was from ſome naſty Excrement;
Elſe cou'd they ne're infect the Earth
With Plagues, but from ſo baſe a Birth.

A Dream.

WHen *Titan* haſted from his heavenly (Sphere,
And *Thetis* modeſt Bluſhes did appear;
Grown weary with the fervor of the day,
Upon the Banks of a cool Brook I lay;
The ſhallow Stream ſoft murmuring did yield,
A whiſtling *Zeph'rus* cool'd the heated field;
The Birds in Trees with their mellodious Throats
Prattled the diſcord of divided Notes.
The Hills the ſound repell'd, the Virgin Voice
To every accent lent a parting Noiſe.
The Graſhopper (whoſe ſhriller voice repairs
The ſmalneſs of his kind) with pleaſant Airs
Made all the Fields to ring, ſuch harmony
Proceeded from th' Innumerable Fry.
I fancy'd this to be th' *Elizean* Groves,
The happy Paradiſe of all chaſt Loves;
And wiſht my *Clelia* here, when happily
A ſilent ſlumber clos'd my twinkling Eye.
Behold, the God of Dreams before me ſtood,
And with his Leaden Wand he ſmooth'd the flood,

And

And bruſht the whiſtling Winds, which forthwith
Upon the ground as Dews that fall in *May*. (lay
A gen'ral ſilence cover'd all the place,
And on my Head he laid his drowſie Mace;
Earth ſeem to vaniſh, Heaven for to deſcend,
A hundred Thrones one Goddeſs did attend,
VVho in a Rain-bow Robe, commixt with Rays,
Such as *Sol* wears when he the VVorld ſurveys,
Enters the Pallace; from her ſparkling Eye;
Proceeded Love, and awful Majeſty.
A Throne there was, Twelve Lyons did uphold,
Set round with Amethyſts in beaten Gold.
The ſteps were Crowns, Scepters, and Diadems,
Rubies, and Saphirs, and commixed Gems.
The Goddeſs this aſcends, whoſe heavenly Face
Did quite eclipſe the luſter of the place;
Millions of *Cupids*, in their Liveries,
Attend the motion of her ſparkling Eyes.
A Herauld then the Goddeſs will proclaims,
And ſummons all who burn with Love's fierce
(Flames
T'appear before the Throne. VVithout delay,
Innumerable Troops her will obey.
And here 'twas worthy of ones obſervation,
To ſee each Mimick fool it in his ſtation.
One in an antick poſture leads a Dance,
And ſwears each ſtep is *Alamode de France*;
'Tother more ſolid, walks a State-Corant,
And Pedigreed Antiquity doth vaunt.

The

The next a puling Lover, foreward ſteers,
His Eyes deject, diſtill abundant Tears,
Complaining of his cruel Fate, to move
In ſome baſe Punk a more auſpicious love;
A braging, roaring Ruffian next appears,
Who talks of deſolation, racks and fears;
Affrights his Love, who he doth ſtrive to gain,
And thinks *Bellona* one of *Venus* train.
Some aged Fools I ſaw among the reſt,
Who time of every Senſe did quite diveſt;
Shaking their hoary Heads, in their eſteem,
As Complaiſant as when they were Sixteen;
Proteſting Love, in ſuch a doleful ſtrain,
As Ghoſts are wont who Viſit Earth again.
But that which mov'd me moſt, was for to ſee
My Brother Poets ſenſleſs foolery.
Loaden with Anagrams, Acroſticks, time
Was never ſpent in cobling of ſuch Rhime:
Some weep in Elegie, and Epitaph,
Whoſe Nonſenſe well might cauſe the dead to (laugh;
Others more Jocund, Songs and Catches make,
And ſure they are, that every Clauſe will take.
And in a word, though all was but deluſion,
It was the perfect Map of meer confuſion.
The Goddeſs ſmil'd, (as well ſhe might) to ſee
The true adorers of her Deity
So much deluded by each Idle Paſſion,
Which was by cuſtom grown into a faſhion;

And

And gave Command, for 'twas her will and Plea-
(ſure,
Which raſhly broke, they might repent at leaſure,
That none ſhou'd Court in any other ſort
Then what was us'd when *Mars* and ſhe did
(ſport;
Think you, ſaid ſhe, that *Peleus* e're had ſped
So happily in *Thetis* pregnant Bed,
Who oft by varying forms ſhe did delude,
If not by force he had her charms ſubdu'd?
Did not th' Infernal Prince aſcend from Hell,
To Lights abode, where Gods and Men do dwell,
And took thy Daughter, *Ceres*, to Command
The utmoſt limits of th' Infernal Land?
Yes, *Proſerpine* was fair, a Goddeſs too,
What cannot Love, that mighty Monarch, do?
Think you that *Jove*, Father of Gods and Men,
Had e're enjoy'd *Agenor's* lovely Gem,
If not by Pollicy made his eſcape,
And then confirm'd his Paſſion with a Rape?
And thouſands more were won after this faſhion,
Not courted with an Idle whining paſſion.
Fortune aſſiſts the bold, who Courts by Letter
Is counted modeſt, yet thought ne're the better;
For Women love thoſe that are brisk and free,
And hate the laſie Lovers Pedantry.
If they ſlight you, do you but then ſlight them,
The Women ſoon will learn to Court the Men:
Did not the Beautious *Eccho* Court in vain
The ſelf-admiring Boy, who with diſdain

Her

Her love repaid, did not *Medea* woo
The *Emonean* Prince with love and Magick too?
And *Scylla* too, by Impious love misled,
Her Father slew, to gain just *Minos* Bed;
And both her self and Purple Hair did bring
Pledges of love, unto the *Cretan* King.
And *Dido*, whilst her love she did pursue,
The *Trojan* Prince to her embraces drew.
'Tis only Custom makes them claim as due
The Adoration that belongs to you;
Your servile Yoak of passion quickly break,
And put in practice what you hear me speak.
They all assent, and wisely did approve
The wholsom Counsel of the Queen of Love,
And so departed: when a pretty Lass,
Which in the dark might for my Lady pass,
Gave me a kiss, and to me smiling fed;
She thought the Grass as good as any Bed;
I hugg'd a wholsom Girl in my esteem;
So wak'd, and vext, I found it but a Dream.

To the Honourable Jonathan Atkins, *Governour of the* Barbadoes.

With joy like ours the mighty *Roman* State
Their *Capitolean* Triumphs celebrate.

Sing *Io Peans* for their Victory,
And Trophies bring, great God of VVar, to thee:
Yet we to you Great Sir, will Trophies bring
Of Peace, a more delightful Offering.
Our VVoods shall ring, whilst we bring Myrtle (Boughs,
Commixt with Bays, to crown your sacred Brows:
And thou *Daphnean* Lawrel too shall joyn
Thy verdant Leaves, which shall his Temples (twine.
Ceres, *Pomona*, *Flora*, all shall bring
The Glorys of the Summer, Autumn, Spring.
The great Surveyor of the *East*, and *West*
Shall fire the Spices of the *Phœnix* Nest;
And *Jove's* great Bird shall in her Tallons bring
The living *Phœnix* as an Offering;
Iris to both the Poles her Bow shall tye,
VVhose party-colour'd Robes adorn the Skie.
The spangled Orbs their glory shall dispence
Upon this Isle, with sacred Influence.
All things shall strive to add some glory to
This Fertil Isle, that's Governed by you,
Even senseless things: And shall I silent sit,
And slear at all, for to be thought a VVit,
Like many Foppish Gallants now adays?
No, I'le present you with this sprig of Bays.
Inspire my Muse, thou sacred God of Verse,
VVhilst in Heroick Numbers I rehearse
The glory, safety, and the blest content,
Depends, Great Sir, upon your Government.

The

The Rich, the Poor, the Strong, the Impotent,
Each in his Station reaps a bleſt content.
The Rich his Land and Cattle doth obtain,
The Poor Man reaps the fruit of all his pain,
The ſtrong Mans ſtrength is curb'd from Tyranny;
The weak ne're fears his angry Enemy.
Here no Man falls by cruel hand of VVar,
Nor raging Tumults terrifie from far;
But here in ſafety every man does lye,
Reaping the joys of ſuch Tranquillity.
Vive le Roy. Great *Charles*, thou didſt foreſee
This Countrys good, and long'd for Liberty.
Great *Jonathan* our *David* well did know,
On whom his Love and Honour to beſtow:
Elſe had this Iſle ne're ſeen this happy time,
More Fertil by your preſence, than the Clime.
O happy Iſland! O Thrice happy Land,
VVhoſe Regiment is given to your Hand!
Rule as you pleaſe, thoſe Pow'rs that reign above
Inſpire your Soul with a paternal Love;
Imoſing in our Hearts Obedience ſtill,
Governing all our Actions by your VVill.

O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus, & quantum ſat erit ſua dicere facta
Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus.

On the Nine Muses, out of Ausonius.

Clio relates things done, and gives the time;
Melpomene delights in Tragick Rhyme;
Thalia sports it in lascivious Verses,
Euterpe sweet and pleasant things rehearses;
Terpsicore with Harps the mind inspires;
Erato dancing most of all desires;
Calliope brave Deeds to Books commits;
Urania to Astronomy submits;
Polhymnia describes with hand and gesture
In midst of these, *Apollo* most Divine
With his diffusive Spirit cheers the Nine.

To Clelia.

HEiress of love, and glory of the Time,
Angelick Beauty shining in your Prime;
Thus Gods in ancient times did terrifie
Poor Mortals by approaching Deity,
As when you show the luster of your Eye;
Whose high Majestick grace, when look't upon,
Doth cause an awful adoration.
Never did *Egypt Apis* worship more,
Offering their lives, then we do you adore;
The Sun-burnt *African*, of sable hue,
Worships the Moon, and thinks it may be you.

The

The *Persian*, the Sun, and thinks he spies
The glory only propper to your Eyes.
But we enlightned by that glorious light
Wou'd make a Sun-shine in the darkest Night,
Do really adore that high perfection
Which they enjoy but only by reflexion.
Fair *Clelia*, then give me but leave to say,
I shall no more delight to see the day,
Than see you happy, which shall ever be
The greatest happiness can come to me.

On the undaunted Courage of a Shipwrackt Captain.

(Thunder.)

HArk how the roaring Winds, (great God of
Exalt the briny Floods, to tear a sunder
Our well rig'd Vessel riding on the Main,
Whose lofty threatned Pendant does disdain
Proud *Neptunes* angry Power, and awful wrath,
Dashing the boldest of his Waves to Froth.
Which when the King of Floods with anger saw,
His awful Trident scorning to withdraw,
He summon'd all the Waves, and did implore
The *Eolean* aid, which made the Winds to roar.
Now like to Mountains rise the Waves on high,
Tossing the nimble Vessel to the Skies;
Then by a great descent she falls again
Into the gaping Bowels of the Main.

No voice is heard, in vain they ſpend their Breath,
Two Elements at once conſpire their Death.
The Mariners are ſtupifi'd with fear,
The skilful Pilot knows not how to ſteer.
The Ocean boils, and, to augment the rage,
The Winds from ev'ry Point the Floods engage.
Heavens face is cover'd with a Veil of Night,
The Thunder-bearing Clouds ejected Light
From all Parts flies, and in this wretched ſtate,
Preſents to all an unavoided Fate.
Which when the Captain ſaw, he gaz'd a while,
To ſee their manly Courage thus recoil;
And with more Pow'r than *Neptune*, which doth (ſway
His wat'ry Trident, which the Waves obey,
His loud Imperial voice commands a peace,
Whoſe Eecho ſtops the Waves, and makes them (ceaſe.
Or like fierce *Mars*, with an undaunted minde,
As if their God the wat'ry Realm did bind,
He cuts the ſmiling Ocean, and does ſtand
As the Supream that Governs Sea and Land.
Now by this time a frighted Wave appears
At *Neptune's* Court, relating all their fears;
Telling ſome mighty God uſurp'd his Seat,
And all the Waves lay proſtrate at his Feet.
The Sea-green God all in a rage appears,
And the ſhrill *Tritons* Viſage anger bears;
The Mermaids skip and dance about the Boat,
Which Seamen ſay does dreadful Storms denote,

And

And so it was. The Misty Shades of Night
All on a sudden robb'd 'em of the Light.
The Heavens began to roare, the Waves arise,
Dashing their briny Floods against the Skies.
The Captain strives in vain the Ship to save,
While on each side appears a threatning Grave.
There's no cessation, VVaves the VVaves out-
(vies,
And threaten Heaven with their batteries.
VVhat shou'd they do, poor men? their Courage
(fails,
And all their hopes are shatter'd as their Sails.
They all stand stupifi'd, like senseless stocks,
VVhilst the craz'd Vessel's dash'd against the Rocks.
The Captain then, with a Couragious motion,
Leaps in the raging Bowels of the Ocean,
And with his threatning Sword he cuts the
(Waves,
The raging Floods with Valour he outbraves;
And swimming to the Shoar, his Sword he shakes,
Whereat the roaring Sea retires and quakes.
But all his men, alas! like silly Sheep,
Sink to the bottom of the swelling Deep.
Yet he's ne're daunted, his firm Soul stands fast
Upon its Basis, stedfast to the last.
What Noble Hero ever co'd do more
Than be o're Land and Sea a Conquerour?

To his Verſes.

GO tell my fair, that I
Muſt let her know I love, or dye.
Nor can the knowledge be
Enough, O no, ſhe too muſt pitty me.
Alas! What did I ſay?
Is pitty all that ſhe muſt pay?
No, ſhe muſt yet do more,
Love me as much as I adore,
And joyn in One theſe Three,
Know, Love, and Pitty me.

On Parſon Andrew's, *Parazitical Sermon to Mr.* Evans, *Mayor of* Shaſton.

WHere is this *Boanerges*, that dares batter
The Churches Faith, and in a Pulpit flatter?
VVho fears not both in Sermon and in Prayer
For to delude *Our Worſhipful the Mayor*,
And make the People think, if he were able,
That he in all things is Infallible?
Let him do what he will, it does appear,
He muſt be one of Gods Vicegerents here.
Believe

Believe him but in this, and next you then
Muſt both believe in Mayor and Aldermen,
And add it to your Creed; and then you may
Say Maſs, and to the Fur-gown'd Idol Pray:
And thus he puts a ſlur upon the Nation,
And brings it off, *This Ancient Corporation.*
This ancient Corporation's not ſo blind,
But ſee the VVallet of his faults behind;
And hold it for a true and Chriſtian Canon,
The Parſon cannot ſerve his God and Mammon:
But *Andrew*'s ſham-Apoſtle thought in Meter
Something to ſay in praiſe of *Simon Peter.*
Nor will his Plea excuſe him, though he ſay,
'Tis *Oratoria licentia.*

On a Wife.

OUt, or I burſt! VVhat damn'd confounded (ſpell
Made *Orpheus* run to fetch a VViſe from (Hell
VVhat was it mov'd that madneſs in his Breaſt?
He by a Legion ſurely was poſſeſt
Of maſter-Devils. Had he lov'd the Pox,
And all the Plagues were in *Pandora*'s Box,
Embrac'd all Vice, though loathſom and impure,
Heaven might in pitty yet afford a Cure.
But when they come to that licentious life,
To fawn, and hug, and doat upon a VViſe,

There's

here's no Salvation for such curſed Elves,
They may, like *Judas*, go and hang themſelves.
Had *Adam* ne're ſeen *Eve* for to entice,
He doubtleſs yet had liv'd in Paradiſe.
That curs'd Satanick Engin, not content
To damn her ſelf to endleſs puniſhment,
Intic'd our Father *Adam* for to eat
The fruit of Life, and Death-inflicting meat.
And ever ſince each curſed *Jezabel*
Has led her Husband the right way to Hell.
O rare advice to *Job*! why doſt retain
Thy fooliſh Righteouſneſs ſo long in vain!
Lo, the reward of all thy Piety!
Take thy Wife's Counſel, curſe thy God and dye.
Counſel ſo good, who coud not chuſe but take,
Though not for Hells, yet for his poor Wifes ſake.
Damn'd Monſter, cou'dſt thou find no other way
Than this, thy righteous Husband to betray?
Can e're a Man expect a moments reſt,
That hugs ſo curſt a Viper in his Breaſt.
Woman brings VVo, 'tis true, her very Name
An adjunct is of Sorrow unto man;
Let her be fair or foul, airy or dull,
Peeviſh or pleaſant, kind or unnatural;
She's but the Devils bait for to trepan
Poor, fond, uxorious, and ſilly Man.

Naides,

Naides, Draides, Hymen, Orpheus, Euridice.

Naides. O *Hymen*, come away,
Frame no excuſes for a longer ſtay;
For hand in hand
The Lovers ſtand,
And think each hour a year
Until thy tedious Godhead does appear.

Dra. Great God of Nuptual Rites,
Orpheus and his *Euridice* invites
Thee to their Feaſt,
Wich ſhall be bleſt
With mutual Joy, if thou appear,
And cauſe a general Mirth throughout the year.

Hym. Shame on your uglie haſt,
That thus diſturbs and calls away ſo faſt,
In *Stygian* damp
They have dipt my Lamp,
Yet may the Omen be
Far from my *Orpheus* and *Euridice*.

Charus.

Chorus. Far be the Omen, we
Do hope from him, and his *Euridice.*
Ye Gods that hear
What we prepare,
Our Sacrifice and Song,
Where Beasts and Trees shall caper in a throng.

Orph. What over tedious stay,
My fair *Euridice* does thus betray?
The flying hours,
Whose mutual powers,
Lest they too slow appear,
Take *Cupids* Wings, and hasten from their Sphere.

Eurid. The time I think misspent
That robs my *Orpheus* of the least content.
A Lovers fear
Is always neer;
Yet shall thy Beauteous praise
Appear more blest, cause thou didst Tantalize.

A Song by Orpheus.

Poor *Tantalus*, I pitty thee,
Who Court'st the Wave, and Woo'st the Tree;
The water slides just as he sips,
And so avoids his amorous Lips;
The Golden Fruit his lust intice,
Which he wou'd tast at any price:

But

But Fate resists his strong desires,
For whilst he gapes, the Fruit retires;
VVhat fault, alas! cou'd this deserve,
In midst of plenty thus to starve?
Thou art like a Miser cloath'd in Rags,
VVhilst he sits brooding o're his Bags,
And dares not touch ought of his store,
But is in midst of plenty Poor.

Hym. Hail to the lovely pair,
For whose sweet sake I hither made repair,
Firmly to tie
In Amity,
Beauty and Love, which be
Compris'd in *Orpheus* and *Euridice*.

Orph. VVelcomer than the day,
Hymen, what was the cause of this delay?
Cou'dst thou find out
A cause of doubt,
Or thought that there might be
In either of us Mutability?

Hym. Brave Prince of Poets, no;
By this delay I strove to let you know
Some cruel Fate
Does on you wait,
VVhich all your Pleasure banes,
Fast bound by Fate in Adamantine Chains.

Orph.

Orph. The Gods with ease afflict
Poor Mortals, who their power can't contradict;
And we adore
That power the more,
And herein surely trust,
If we but once are good, that they are just.

Eurid. None but the Guilty fear,
And what they fear, 'tis Justice they shou'd bear:
Let nothing cause
A farther pause,
But in this Temple joyn
Two Hands, Two Hearts, which Fate cannot untwine.

Hym. Goddess of Hearts,
Before whose Throne
VVith equal parts
Two and yet One
Themselves present,
To the intent
That thou mayst ever be
Propitious to their Love and Amity.

Grant their Requests,
Let lasting Peace
In mutual Breasts
Ever increase;
And may they prove
True as the Dove,
And may they also be
Inrich'd with a most numerous Progenie.

For

For by this Light,
And Altars fume,
Which in thy ſight
We here conſume,
Thou ne're didſt bleſs
With happineſs
Two Lovers that will prove
More great in Merit, or more true to Love.

Chorus. Let pleaſing ſmiles
And mutual Joy
The time beguile,
And never cloy.
Let pleaſant Theams,
In gentle Dreams,
Increaſe their generous fire,
And kindle Flames that never ſhall expire.

Hymen.

The Goddeſs frowns, and with dejected Eyes
Seems ſlightly to regard our Sacrifice.
One of the Turtles which the Offering were,
Dy'd on the Altar, e're I made my Prayer.
The Tapers ſhone but with a heavy light,
One ſputtering Blue, reſign'd his Flame to Night.

Orpheus.

The Gods deep wills are ſeldom known,
'Till put in Execution;

And

And 'twere a folly to lament
A certain doom none can prevent;
Then why shou'd we capitulate
With what recorded is by Fate?

Euridice.

The power of Fate cannot our love control,
And fear's too base for any generous Soul;
The Gods, who in a higher Orb do move,
May take our lives, but never wrong our Love.
Let's then like Turtles sitting on a Tree,
Wait for the Hawk, wou'd catch us if we flee.

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FINIS.

POEMS, SONGS AND Love-Verses,

Upon several Subjects.

By *Matthew Coppinger* Gent.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *M. Magnes*, in *Russel-street*, in *Covent-Garden*, 1682.

A Dialogue between an Æthiopian, *and a White* Virgin.

Vir. AFfright me not, you urge your ſuit in vain;
More Fear than Love your Helliſh looks have bred.
Eternal terror ſeize you for your pain;
Think you I'll take a Devil to my Bed?

Go Court the Darkneſs, Wed thy ſelf to Night;
Fry in your Sands, and ſearch for grains of Gold;
O Sun, how canſt thou thus behold a ſight
That will thy glorious beams in darkneſs fold!

Sure thou art *Pluto*, ugly infernal Prince,
Be gone, I ſay, be gone to the Divine
And Beautious Creature thou didſt raviſh hence,
The lovely, Fair, and Charming *Proſerpine*.

Eth. Whiteſt of Whites, more lovely than the day,
Which from the Eaſt in radiant beams appears,
More lovely to my ſight than *Cynthia*,
Which twice ſix times a year her Beauty clears,

De-

Deſpiſe me not becauſe that I am black;
The Sun you ſpeak of lyes ſo neer our Land,
We have him in our Face, you on your Back;
Nay, ſometimes with him we walk Hand in (Hand.

Since then that he who the whole World ſurveys,
Doth deal his Bleſſings with partiality,
You he does warm, us ſcorcheth with his Rays;
Your Beauty works the like effect on me.

Vir. My Beauty, Slave! ſtop that preſumptious (word;
Shall ſuch a Harpy ever ſpeak my Name?
Does Earth another *Cacus* yet afford?
What was I born to be a ſport to Fame?

Thou art that brand the fatal Siſters threw
Into the Fire at *Meleager*'s Birth,
Which half conſum'd, in haſt *Althæa* drew
Out of the Flame; be gone, thou Son of Earth.

Eth. Alas! too cruel Nymph, deſpiſe me not;
A Slave I am, but unto none but you.
Whiteneſs in you none counteth as a ſpot;
And in our Black lies our chief glory too.

The Day is pleaſant unto every ſight,
And all men praiſe the glory of the Sun;
Yet when 'tis gone, how ſoon they hug the Night,
And ſleeping, in its ſable Boſom run.

'Tis only Fancy moves the Sphere of Love;
No Colour wards, where *Cupid* ſhoots his dart;
Thou God, who all things with thy power doſt (move,
With one ſmall touch O wound this Virgins (Heart;

That ſhe who doth thy Power ſo much deſpiſe,
May quickly by experience learn to know,
Thou only giv'ſt thoſe leave to Tyrannize
That pay ſubmiſſion to thy Conquering Bow.

Obſerve the Rain-bow, view the Colours there,
Looks it not pleaſant unto every Eye?
Diverſity of Colours makes it fair:
Diſcord in Muſick makes an Harmony.
Since then that I am Black, and you are Fair,
What a ſweet Babe may come from ſuch a pair?

An Epitaph.

UPon this Marble Stone forbear to tread,
Or to deface the Relicks of the Dead;
Yet

Yet Read, and ſo let fall a Tear in Verſe,
To pay Devotions to his mourning Herſe.
Here's Vertue laid, and Piety lies ſlain,
Who the three Graces ſhall revive again:
Thoſe Powers Immortal, who in Heaven do ſhine
That Trinity, although One God Divine,
Shall raiſe his Body glorious from the Duſt,
Who in his Maker did repoſe that truſt.

The Lovers Jubile.

'TWas Evening when the Suns departure (made
The open grounds a comfortable ſhade;
When walking forth to view the fragrant Fields,
The ſweet variety that *Flora* yields,
Near to a Myrtle Grove a Cave I ſpy'd,
By which a pleaſant Stream did gently glide:
Amidſt the Grove an ancient Altar ſtands,
Almoſt defac'd by irreligious hands.
This I repair'd, and ſaid, O Goddeſs, now,
Who e're thou art, receive my ſacred Vow,
And grant my Suit, and let ſome pity move
In *Clelia*'s Heart a more propitious Love.
Off'rings by me ſhall ever be repaid
Upon this Altar, though by time decay'd,
And Mans ingratitude. Then looking round,
I ſpy'd an Iv'ry Image on the ground.

Hail Power, said I, what impious hand hath done
So vile an Act? who wou'd such honour shun?
I washt it in the Stream, and to it said,
Ah beautious Image, fair *Pigmaleon* Maid:
Then gazing on it, where a Fillet ty'd
The Ivory Hair, this Motto I espy'd;
In Honour of the mighty Cyprean *Goddess.*
O thou Illustrious Queen of Love, said I,
What Hand cou'd do this great Impiety?
What Impious Creature was it durst prophane
Thy sacred Shrine? O Sin without a Name!
Against a Myrtle by the Altar stood
The Goddess Seat, Arch'd round with Carved Wood,
There I the Image set, and having laid
My Hand upon the Altar, thus I pray'd.
Great *Paphian* Goddess, *Cytherean* Shrine,
Whose presence, I acknowledge, is Divine.
If to this Grove or Altar I have done
Ought Meritor'ous, or have favour won,
Let Love to all more mild and gentle be,
And cease to punish Mans Impiety.
A thousand Lovers shall this Grove frequent,
And offer Odours of the purest scent.
The Shepherds that possess the Vales shall bring
Their Sheep-hooks crown'd to thee an Offering.
The Altar shook, the Myrtles seem'd to move,
Resounding murmuring Notes of happy Love.
Celestial Musick did salute my Ears,
When lo, the God of Love to me appears,

And

And ſays, Young Man, this Bow my hand doth (hold,
Lets fly no Arrow, but the Head is Gold.
Thy Prayer is heard, the Goddeſs is appeas'd,
And every Lover of his pain is eas'd.
No Jealouſie or Fears ſhall now torment
A Lovers Joy, or raviſh his Content.
The faireſt Nymphs, whoſe Beauty wins the Bays,
Shall ſing Encomiums of her Lovers praiſe.
The faireſt Shepherdeſs (for Love hath Charms)
Shall fold a naked Shepherd in her Arms;
Fair *Daphne* playing on a rural Quill,
Both Hills and Dales with *Corydon* ſhall fill,
And *Corydon* ſhall VVoods and Springs poſſeſs
VVith praiſes of his Loving Shepherdeſs.
Loves mutual Sympathy ſhall Crown the Year,
And thou whoſe Heart doth Loves Idea bear,
Shalt in thy *Clelia* find a quick return,
VVho, in thy abſence, flames of Love do burn:
And e're the Sun the Horizon decline,
Her beautious Body ſhall be joyn'd to thine.
This ſaid, he lightly from the Altar Springs,
And Fans the ſounding Grove with tow'ring (wings.
Then on a ſudden, through my ſwelling Veins
Loves paſſion glides, and all my Bones in flames;
And having gain'd the Conqueſt of my Breaſt,
Reigns Monarch there, and ſcorns to be ſuppreſt.
The Goddeſs then adoring, I a way
Eſpy'd, which 'twixt the Shrine and Altar lay:

This path I follow'd, Fortune was my guide,
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VVhere Multitude of Lovers did reſort,
Filling the Fields with all delightful ſport.
Some in the ſtream their tender Limbs unite,
Like *Salamacis* and *Hermaphrodite*;
Others upon the ground ſo cloſely lye,
You'd take them for the *Zodiack Geminy*.
One's plaiting Garlands, 'tother's twiſting Boughs,
Commixt with Flowers, to bind her Lovers brows.
One's braiding of the Hair, another tries
VVith pleaſant Songs to cloſe her Lovers Eyes.
This ſeeming coy, a thouſand pretty ways
Her eager Lover to her Arms betrays.
That skill'd in nothing, but pure Innocence,
Thinks to delay her Lover's an offence.
O happy place! ſaid I, and down I lay
Upon a riſing ground that did ſurvey
The poſture of each Lover, when from far
A Lady came, juſt as a riſing Star.
The lighter Veſtments that her parts infold,
VVere Azure Silk, and interweav'd with Gold;
Her Hair was braided, dreſt with Ribbons; ſo
Iris appears, dreſt in her mantling Bow.
A Silver Veil her beauteous Face did ſhade,
So fine, you'd ſay 'twas by *Arachne* made.
The emulous Winds her ſwelling Garments kiſs,
VVhich to my view betray'd a Lovers Bliſs.
I gaz'd, not able to revert my Eyes
From Loves great Charms, and ſacred Novelties:

Thy

Thy Fate, *Acteon*, then I did bemone,
And fear'd it inſtantly might be my own;
But as ſhe nearer came unto my view,
My doubts were clear'd, and I my *Clelia* knew;
I ran to meet her, when her eager ſteps
Prevents my ſpeed, and in my Arms ſhe leaps;
Claſping I laid me gently on the ground,
Millions of kiſſes their ſucceſſors found.
I ruffled up her Silks which kept the way
Unto the Paradiſe where *Cupid* lay;
She made reſiſtance, ſuch as might be ſaid,
Thou ſhalt enjoy, and yet I'le dye a Maid.
Her Eyes declar'd her Pleaſure and Content,
And what ſhe did was out of Complement.
What thought can know the Pleaſures I enjoy'd?
Immortal Pleaſures, never to be cloy'd.
But till in modeſt terms I can expreſs
My full fruition, you have leave to gueſs.
VVe bound our Brows with Myrtle, and return'd
Unto the Grove, and ſweeteſt Odours burn'd;
VVe deck'd the Shrine with Garlands, and this
For ever we our Annual Rites will pay;
And unto every Lover this ſhall be
(Great *Paphian* Queen) a joyful Jubile.

On Love.

LOves Charms all humane force do ſway,
And Monarchs do his Power obey.

Nor

A Dialogue between an Æthiopian, *and a White* Virgin.

Vir. AFfright me not, you urge your suit in vain;
More Fear than Love your Hellish looks have bred.
Eternal terror seize you for your pain;
Think you I'll take a Devil to my Bed?

Go Court the Darkness, Wed thy self to Night;
Fry in your Sands, and search for grains of Gold;
O Sun, how canst thou thus behold a sight
That will thy glorious beams in darkness fold!

Sure thou art *Pluto*, ugly infernal Prince,
Be gone, I say, be gone to the Divine
And Beautious Creature thou didst ravish hence,
The lovely, Fair, and Charming *Proserpine*.

Eth. Whitest of Whites, more lovely than the day,
Which from the East in radiant beams appears,
More lovely to my sight than *Cynthia*,
Which twice six times a year her Beauty clears,

De-

Deſpiſe me not becauſe that I am black;
The Sun you ſpeak of lyes ſo neer our Land,
We have him in our Face, you on your Back;
Nay, ſometimes with him we walk Hand in (Hand.

Since then that he who the whole World ſurveys,
Doth deal his Bleſſings with partiality,
You he does warm, us ſcorcheth with his Rays;
Your Beauty works the like effect on me.

Vir. My Beauty, Slave! ſtop that preſumptious (word;
Shall ſuch a Harpy ever ſpeak my Name?
Does Earth another *Cacus* yet afford?
What was I born to be a ſport to Fame?

Thou art that brand the fatal Siſters threw
Into the Fire at *Meleager*'s Birth,
Which half conſum'd, in haſt *Althæa* drew
Out of the Flame; be gone, thou Son of Earth.

Eth. Alas! too cruel Nymph, deſpiſe me not;
A Slave I am, but unto none but you.
Whiteneſs in you none counteth as a ſpot;
And in our Black lies our chief glory too.

The Day is pleaſant unto every ſight,
And all men praiſe the glory of the Sun;
Yet when 'tis gone, how ſoon they hug the Night,
And ſleeping, in its ſable Boſom run.

'Tis only Fancy moves the Sphere of Love;
No Colour wards, where *Cupid* ſhoots his dart;
Thou God, who all things with thy power doſt (move,
With one ſmall touch O wound this Virgins (Heart;

That ſhe who doth thy Power ſo much deſpiſe,
May quickly by experience learn to know,
Thou only giv'ſt thoſe leave to Tyrannize
That pay ſubmiſſion to thy Conquering Bow.

Obſerve the Rain-bow, view the Colours there,
Looks it not pleaſant unto every Eye?
Diverſity of Colours makes it fair:
Diſcord in Muſick makes an Harmony.
Since then that I am Black, and you are Fair,
What a ſweet Babe may come from ſuch a pair?

An Epitaph.

UPon this Marble Stone forbear to tread,
Or to deface the Relicks of the Dead;

Yet

Yet Read, and ſo let fall a Tear in Verſe,
To pay Devotions to his mourning Herſe.
Here's Vertue laid, and Piety lies ſlain,
Who the three Graces ſhall revive again:
Thoſe Powers Immortal, who in Heaven do ſhine
That Trinity, although One God Divine,
Shall raiſe his Body glorious from the Duſt,
Who in his Maker did repoſe that truſt.

The Lovers Jubile.

'TWas Evening when the Suns departure (made
The open grounds a comfortable ſhade;
When walking forth to view the fragrant Fields,
The ſweet variety that *Flora* yields,
Near to a Myrtle Grove a Cave I ſpy'd,
By which a pleaſant Stream did gently glide:
Amidſt the Grove an ancient Altar ſtands,
Almoſt defac'd by irreligious hands.
This I repair'd, and ſaid, O Goddeſs, now,
Who e're thou art, receive my ſacred Vow,
And grant my Suit, and let ſome pity move
In *Clelia*'s Heart a more propitious Love.
Off'rings by me ſhall ever be repaid
Upon this Altar, though by time decay'd,
And Mans ingratitude. Then looking round,
I ſpy'd an Iv'ry Image on the ground.

Hail Power, said I, what impious hand hath done
So vile an Act? who wou'd such honour shun?
I washt it in the Stream, and to it said,
Ah beautious Image, fair *Pigmaleon* Maid:
Then gazing on it, where a Fillet ty'd
The Ivory Hair, this Motto I espy'd;
In Honour of the mighty Cyprean *Goddess.*
O thou Illustrious Queen of Love, said I,
What Hand cou'd do this great Impiety?
What Impious Creature was it durst prophane
Thy sacred Shrine? O Sin without a Name!
Against a Myrtle by the Altar stood
The Goddess Seat, Arch'd round with Carved Wood,
There I the Image set, and having laid
My Hand upon the Altar, thus I pray'd.
Great *Paphian* Goddess, *Cytherean* Shrine,
Whose presence, I acknowledge, is Divine.
If to this Grove or Altar I have done
Ought Meritor'ous, or have favour won,
Let Love to all more mild and gentle be,
And cease to punish Mans Impiety.
A thousand Lovers shall this Grove frequent,
And offer Odours of the purest scent.
The Shepherds that possess the Vales shall bring
Their Sheep-hooks crown'd to thee an Offering.
The Altar shook, the Myrtles seem'd to move,
Resounding murmuring Notes of happy Love.
Celestial Musick did salute my Ears,
When lo, the God of Love to me appears,

And

And ſays, Young Man, this Bow my hand doth hold,
Lets fly no Arrow, but the Head is Gold.
Thy Prayer is heard, the Goddeſs is appeas'd,
And every Lover of his pain is eas'd.
No Jealouſie or Fears ſhall now torment
A Lovers Joy, or raviſh his Content.
The faireſt Nymphs, whoſe Beauty wins the Bays,
Shall ſing Encomiums of her Lovers praiſe.
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Shall fold a naked Shepherd in her Arms;
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On Love.

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Nor

For is there any can reſiſt,
He makes them Love, and when he liſt,
No place preſcrib'd, now here, now there,
The ſureſt place is any where.

A Song.

COme, let's to the Tavern be gone,
The day does begin to decline,
All the time we do loſe
VVe baſely abuſe
The longing deſire of VVine.

Boy, call up your Ladies of Pleaſure,
No Stoick with us ſhall tarry,
VVe'll drink all the Night
And take our delight,
Let Sectary Dreamers marry.

Come, fill the Glaſs full to the Brim,
Though *Jove* our Pleaſure oppoſes,
Our Pallates 'twill pleaſe
And expel all Diſeaſe,
And inflame our frollick Repoſes.

VVe laugh at the madneſs of thoſe
VVho heap up a Maſs of Treaſure,
VVe hate a baſe Miſer,
But we will be wiſer,
And confound all our Riches in Pleaſure.

Thus

Thus, like Gods, we'll have pleaſure in ſtore,
And our Wine ſhall roar in like the Waves,
And in ſpight of pale Death,
That deſtroyer of Breath,
We'll keep Revellings yet in our Graves.

The Surrender.

I Yield, dear Enemy, nor now
Can I reſiſt ſo ſweet a Brow;
For who would not a ſlave remain,
On whom thou pleaſe to lay thy Chain?
For with ſuch love thy Yoak I take,
As Martyrs that embrace a Stake.
Now ſince I own this great defeat,
Command thy Forces to retreat,
And vail thoſe charming looks, from whence
My Ruine comes, by Innocence:
And ſince I yield my ſelf your Slave,
Let Beauty, which the conqueſt gave,
Not triumph in the vanquiſht foil,
Or glory in your Captives ſpoil.
The noble Lyon in his rage
Diſdains his Forces to engage
Againſt a proſtrate Worm, from whence
His vallour can have no pretence:
Such honours always did purſue
The *Roman* Valour as their due:

And since that you have now put on
The Courage of an *Amazon*,
An Angels Beauty, such a form
May glorified Saints adorn;
May all their Vertues take a place
To grace thy Heart as well as Face,
And in thy Breast some pitty plant,
The only Good that thou dost want:
Thus shall my Chain more gentle prove,
Supported by the Wings of Love.

I love a Lass that will not wed,
Yet vallues not her Maiden-head;
That is not peevish, proud, nor poor,
That scorns the Title of a Whore;
That can both Dance, and Sing, and Quaff,
And, in what ever humour, Laugh;
Who swears by Fate, she'll not abuse
What Nature gives her leave to use;
Yet to a Friend will not be coy,
But give him leave for to enjoy
What he desires, so he'll conceal
Those hidden Pleasures which they steal.
She is not such as stand without,
And call to every rabble Rout,
Crying, Turn in, thou honest Fellow,
Until their——is grown so mellow,
That even the Pox would scorn to dwell
In such a loathsom nasty Cell.
A vengance take such Whores as these,
are far worse than the Disease;

I cannot gueſs but their deſcent
Was from ſome naſty Excrement;
Elſe cou'd they ne're infect the Earth
With Plagues, but from ſo baſe a Birth.

A Dream.

WHen *Titan* haſted from his heavenly (Sphere,
And *Thetis* modeſt Bluſhes did appear;
Grown weary with the fervor of the day,
Upon the Banks of a cool Brook I lay;
The ſhallow Stream ſoft murmuring did yield,
A whiſtling *Zephyrus* cool'd the heated field;
The Birds in Trees with their mellodious Throats
Prattled the diſcord of divided Notes.
The Hills the ſound repell'd, the Virgin Voice
To every accent lent a parting Noiſe.
The Graſhopper (whoſe ſhriller voice repairs
The ſmalneſs of his kind) with pleaſant Airs
Made all the Fields to ring, ſuch harmony
Proceeded from th' Innumerable Fry.
I fancy'd this to be th' *Elizean* Groves,
The happy Paradiſe of all chaſt Loves;
And wiſht my *Clelia* here, when happily
A ſilent ſlumber clos'd my twinkling Eye.
Behold, the God of Dreams before me ſtood,
And with his Leaden Wand he ſmooth'd the flood,

And

And bruſht the whiſtling Winds, which forthwith
Upon the ground as Dews that fall in *May*. (lay
A gen'ral ſilence cover'd all the place,
And on my Head he laid his drowſie Mace;
Earth ſeem to vaniſh, Heaven for to deſcend,
A hundred Thrones one Goddeſs did attend,
VVho in a Rain-bow Robe, commixt with Rays,
Such as *Sol* wears when he the VVorld ſurveys,
Enters the Pallace; from her ſparkling Eye;
Proceeded Love, and awful Majeſty.
A Throne there was, Twelve Lyons did uphold,
Set round with Amethyſts in beaten Gold.
The ſteps were Crowns, Scepters, and Diadems,
Rubies, and Saphirs, and commixed Gems.
The Goddeſs this aſcends, whoſe heavenly Face
Did quite eclipſe the luſter of the place;
Millions of *Cupids*, in their Liveries,
Attend the motion of her ſparkling Eyes.
A Herauld then the Goddeſs will proclaims,
And ſummons all who burn with Love's fierce (Flames
T' appear before the Throne. VVithout delay,
Innumerable Troops her will obey.
And here 'twas worthy of ones obſervation,
To ſee each Mimick fool it in his ſtation.
One in an antick poſture leads a Dance,
And ſwears each ſtep is *Alamode de France*;
'Tother more ſolid, walks a State-Corant,
And Pedigreed Antiquity doth vaunt.

The

The next a puling Lover, foreward ſteers,
His Eyes deject, diſtill abundant Tears,
Complaining of his cruel Fate, to move
In ſome baſe Punk a more auſpicious love;
A braging, roaring Ruffian next appears,
Who talks of deſolation, racks and fears;
Affrights his Love, who he doth ſtrive to gain,
And thinks *Bellona* one of *Venus* train.
Some aged Fools I ſaw among the reſt,
Who time of every Senſe did quite diveſt;
Shaking their hoary Heads, in their eſteem,
As Complaiſant as when they were Sixteen;
Proteſting Love, in ſuch a doleful ſtrain,
As Ghoſts are wont who Viſit Earth again.
But that which mov'd me moſt, was for to ſee
My Brother Poets ſenſleſs foolery.
Loaden with Anagrams, Acroſticks, time
Was never ſpent in cobling of ſuch Rhime:
Some weep in Elegie, and Epitaph,
Whoſe Nonſenſe well might cauſe the dead to (laugh;
Others more Jocund, Songs and Catches make,
And ſure they are, that every Clauſe will take.
And in a word, though all was but deluſion,
It was the perfect Map of meer confuſion.
The Goddeſs ſmil'd, (as well ſhe might) to ſee
The true adorers of her Deity
So much deluded by each Idle Paſſion,
Which was by cuſtom grown into a faſhion;

And

And gave Command, for 'twas her will and Plea-
(ſure,
Which raſhly broke, they might repent at leaſure,
That none ſhou'd Court in any other ſort
Then what was us'd when *Mars* and ſhe did
(ſport;
Think you, ſaid ſhe, that *Peleus* e're had ſped
So happily in *Thetis* pregnant Bed,
Who oft by varying forms ſhe did delude,
If not by force he had her charms ſubdu'd?
Did not th' Infernal Prince aſcend from Hell,
To Lights abode, where Gods and Men do dwell,
And took thy Daughter, *Ceres*, to Command
The utmoſt limits of th' Infernal Land?
Yes, *Proſerpine* was fair, a Goddeſs too,
What cannot Love, that mighty Monarch, do?
Think you that *Jove*, Father of Gods and Men,
Had e're enjoy'd *Agenor's* lovely Gem,
If not by Pollicy made his eſcape,
And then confirm'd his Paſſion with a Rape?
And thouſands more were won after this faſhion,
Not courted with an Idle whining paſſion.
Fortune aſſiſts the bold, who Courts by Letter
Is counted modeſt, yet thought ne're the better;
For Women love thoſe that are brisk and free,
And hate the laſie Lovers Pedantry.
If they ſlight you, do you but then ſlight them,
The Women ſoon will learn to Court the Men:
Did not the Beautious *Eccho* Court in vain
The ſelf-admiring Boy, who with diſdain

Her

Her love repaid, did not *Medea* wo
The *Emonean* Prince with love and Magick too?
And *Sylla* too, by Impious love miſled,
Her Father ſlew, to gain juſt *Minos* Bed;
And both her ſelf and Purple Hair did bring
Pledges of love, unto the *Cretan* King.
And *Dido*, whilſt her love ſhe did purſue,
The *Trojan* Prince to her embraces drew.
'Tis only Cuſtom makes them claim as due
The Adoration that belongs to you;
Your ſervile Yoak of paſſion quickly break,
And put in practice what you hear me ſpeak.
They all aſſent, and wiſely did approve
The wholſom Counſel of the Queen of Love,
And ſo departed: when a pretty Laſs,
Which in the dark might for my Lady paſs,
Gave me a kiſs, and to me ſmiling ſed,
She thought the Graſs as good as any Bed;
I hugg'd a wholſom Girl in my eſteem;
So wak'd, and vext, I found it but a Dream.

To the Honourable Jonathan Atkins, *Governour of the* Barbadoes.

With joy like ours the mighty *Roman* State
Their *Capitolean* Triumphs celebrate.

Sing *Io Peans* for their Victory,
And Trophies bring, great God of VVar, to thee.
Yet we to you Great Sir, will Trophies bring
Of Peace, a more delightful Offering.
Our VVoods shall ring, whilst we bring Myrtle (Boughs,
Commixt with Bays, to crown your sacred Brows.
And thou *Daphnean* Lawrel too shall joyn
Thy verdant Leaves, which shall his Temples (twine.
Ceres, *Pomona*, *Flora*, all shall bring
The Glorys of the Summer, Autumn, Spring.
The great Surveyor of the *East*, and *West*
Shall fire the Spices of the *Phœnix* Nest;
And *Jove*'s great Bird shall in her Tallons bring
The living *Phœnix* as an Offering;
Iris to both the Poles her Bow shall tye,
VVhose party-colour'd Robes adorn the Skie.
The spangled Orbs their glory shall dispence
Upon this Isle, with sacred Influence.
All things shall strive to add some glory to
This Fertil Isle, that's Governed by you,
Even senseless things: And shall I silent sit,
And slear at all, for to be thought a VVit,
Like many Foppish Gallants now adays?
No, I'le present you with this sprig of Bays.
Inspire my Muse, thou sacred God of Verse,
VVhilst in Heroick Numbers I rehearse
The glory, safety, and the blest content,
Depends, Great Sir, upon your Government.

The Rich, the Poor, the Strong, the Impotent,
Each in his Station reaps a bleſt content.
The Rich his Land and Cattle doth obtain,
The Poor Man reaps the fruit of all his pain,
The ſtrong Mans ſtrength is curb'd from Ty-
The weak ne're fears his angry Enemy. (ranny,
Here no Man falls by cruel hand of VVar,
Nor raging Tumults terrifie from far;
But here in ſafety every man does lye,
Reaping the joys of ſuch Tranquillity.
Vive le Roy. Great *Charles*, thou didſt foreſee
This Countrys good, and long'd-for Liberty.
Great *Jonathan* our *David* well did know,
On whom his Love and Honour to beſtow;
Elſe had this Iſle ne're ſeen this happy time,
More Fertil by your preſence, than the Clime.
O happy Iſland! O Thrice happy Land,
VVhoſe Regiment is given to your Hand!
Rule as you pleaſe, thoſe Pow'rs that reign above
Inſpire your Soul with a paternal Love;
Infuſing in our Hearts Obedience ſtill,
Governing all our Actions by your VVill.

O mihi tam longe maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus, & quantum ſat erit ſua dicere facta
Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus.

On the Nine Muſes, out of Auſonius.

CLio relates things done, and gives the time;
Melpomene delights in Tragick Rhyme;
Thalia ſports it in laſcivious Verſes,
Euterpe ſweet and pleaſant things reherſes;
Terpſicore with Harps the mind inſpires;
Erato dancing moſt of all deſires;
Calliope brave Deeds to Books commits;
Urania to Aſtronomy ſubmits;
Polhymnia deſcribes with hand and geſture
In midſt of theſe, *Apollo* moſt Divine
VVith his diffuſive Spirit cheers the Nine.

To Clelia.

HEireſs of love, and glory of the Time,
Angelick Beauty ſhining in your Prime;
Thus Gods in ancient times did terrifie
Poor Mortals by approaching Deity,
As when you ſhow the luſter of your Eye;
Whoſe high Majeſtick grace, when lookt upon,
Doth cauſe an awful adoration.
Never did *Egypt Apis* worſhip more,
Offering their lives, then we do you adore;
The Sun-burnt *African*, of ſable hue,
VVorſhips the Moon, and thinks it may be you.

The

The *Perſian*, the Sun, and thinks he ſpies
The glory only propper to your Eyes.
But we enlightned by that glorious light
Wou'd make a Sun-ſhine in the darkeſt Night,
Do really adore that high perfection
Which they enjoy but only by reflexion.
Fair *Clelia*, then give me but leave to ſay,
I ſhall no more delight to ſee the day,
Than ſee you happy, which ſhall ever be
The greateſt happineſs can come to me.

On the undaunted Courage of a Shipwrackt Captain.

HArk how the roaring Winds, (great God of Thunder,)
Exalt the briny Floods, to tear a ſunder
Our well rig'd Veſſel riding on the Main,
Whoſe lofty threatned Pendant does diſdain
Proud *Neptunes* angry Power, and awful wrath,
Daſhing the boldeſt of his Waves to Froth.
Which when the King of Floods with anger ſaw,
His awful Trident ſcorning to withdraw,
He ſummon'd all the Waves, and did implore
The *Eolean* aid, which made the Winds to roar.
Now like to Mountains riſe the Waves on high,
Toſſing the nimble Veſſel to the Skie;
Then by a great deſcent ſhe falls again
Into the gaping Bowels of the Main.

No voice is heard, in vain they ſpend their Breath,
Two Elements at once conſpire their Death.
The Mariners are ſtupifi'd with fear,
The skilful Pilot knows not how to ſteer.
The Ocean boils, and, to augment the rage,
The Winds from ev'ry Point the Floods engage.
Heavens face is cover'd with a Veil of Night,
The Thunder-bearing Clouds ejected Light
From all Parts flies, and in this wretched ſtate,
Preſents to all an unavoided Fate.
Which when the Captain ſaw, he gaz'd a while,
To ſee their manly Courage thus recoil;
And with more Pow'r than *Neptune*, which doth (ſway
His wat'ry Trident, which the Waves obey,
His loud Imperial voice commands a peace,
Whoſe Eecho ſtops the Waves, and makes them (ceaſe.
Or like fierce *Mars*, with an undaunted minde,
As if their God the wat'ry Realm did bind,
He cuts the ſmiling Ocean, and does ſtand
As the Supream that Governs Sea and Land.
Now by this time a frighted Wave appears
At *Neptune's* Court, relating all their fears;
Telling, ſome mighty God uſurp'd his Seat,
And all the Waves lay proſtrate at his Feet.
The Sea-green God all in a rage appears,
And the ſhrill *Trytons* Viſage anger bears;
The Mermaids skip and dance about the Boat,
Which Seamen ſay does dreadful Storms denote,

And

And ſo it was. The Miſty Shades of Night
All on a ſudden robb'd 'em of the Light.
The Heavens began to roare, the Waves ariſe,
Daſhing their briny Floods againſt the Skies.
The Captain ſtrives in vain the Ship to ſave,
While on each ſide appears a threatning Grave.
There's no ceſſation, VVavés the VVaves out-
(vies,
And threaten Heaven with their batteries.
VVhat ſhou'd they do, poor men? their Courage
(fails,
And all their hopes are ſhatter'd as their Sails.
They all ſtand ſtupifi'd, like ſenſeleſs ſtocks,
VVhilſt the craz'd Veſſel's daſh'd againſt the Rocks.
The Captain then, with a Couragious motion,
Leaps in the raging Bowels of the Ocean,
And with his threatning Sword he cuts the
(Waves,
The raging Floods with Valour he outbraves;
And ſwimming to the Shoar, his Sword he ſhakes,
Whereat the roaring Sea retires and quakes.
But all his men, alas! like ſilly Sheep,
Sink to the bottom of the ſwelling Deep.
Yet he's ne're daunted, his firm Soul ſtands faſt
Upon its Baſis, ſtedfaſt to the laſt.
What Noble Hero ever cou'd do more
Than be o're Land and Sea a Conquerour?